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APRIL 1950

CLASSICAL JOURNAL

The Great Gatsby and Trimalchio.
. *Paul L. MacKendrick*



Homer Transposed *Edward S. Le Comte*

The drawing above shows the decoration of a silver bowl from the Chertomlyk tomb in southern Russia, now in the Hermitage Palace, Leningrad. It is Greek work and some trader must have sold it to a Scythian king east of the Black Sea. The circle is divided into seven. There are fourteen acanthus leaves, fourteen rosettes of seven petals each, and seven units in the floral design. Date may be as early as 400 B.C.

A MAGAZINE INTERPRETING TO THE THOUGHTFUL TEACHER AND THE PUBLIC THE
SIGNIFICANCE OF ANCIENT CLASSICAL CIVILIZATION IN ITS RELATION
TO MODERN LIFE

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Trends and Events

Edited by *Dorrance S. White*

THE STORY OF LANGUAGE

ANOTHER 1949 PUBLICATION of interest to classicists, and as up-to-date as a warm egg fresh from its gallinaceous store-house, is Mario Pei's *The Story of Language* (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, 1949. 493 pp. \$5.00). This is, as the title shows, a book about language. The publishers speak enthusiastically about it, of course, but not too much so. Divided into six sections, it deals with a historical summary of the development of language, with its structure, with its social function, with a survey of modern spoken languages, with the difficulties of the language-learning process, and with the problem of an international language.

It seemed to this editor as he perused this book that it would aid high-school Latin teachers in their classroom chats about language structure and in talks before Parent-Teacher organizations. High school teachers do not want too technical works for this purpose. And yet they need a book that is not as elementary as those designed for classroom teaching. Chapter VII in Part II headed

by the attractive title, "The International Language Bank" makes interesting reading. Where have we obtained so many of our colorful words? And in the chapter following, "The Great Language Mint," we are told that "The language mint is more than a mint; it is a great manufacturing center, where all sorts of productive activities go on unceasingly." The author discusses why certain words that were in use in the sixteenth century did not make the grade, while others did, and why *nerbs* (nouns transferred to function of verbs) came into existence.

Dr. Mario Pei, a professor of Romance Languages at Columbia University, is not afraid to speak up for his language, for yours, for any language, when he says:

The story of language is the story of human civilization. Nowhere is civilization so perfectly mirrored as in speech . . . It is fashionable in certain circles to scoff at language study and to advocate other pursuits, taking language for granted. A moment's reflection will reveal the absurdity of this attitude. In what other pursuits will language and languages not enter as necessary tools of expression and understanding? And if you will scoff at language and languages, how, save in terms of language, will you scoff?

The present trend in college classical curricula is to make more use of Greek and Latin for vo-

cabulary-building. A richer offering in this field will be afforded by this book.

CLASSICAL STUDY ABROAD

CONSIDERABLE PUBLICITY is given by THE CLASSICAL JOURNAL to study in Greece and Rome, but the writer's attention has been called by Professor Mary C. FitzPatrick, head of the department of Classics at Barat College in Lake Forest, Ill., to a series of lectures to be given by Professor Amadeo Maiuri, Director of the National Museum in Naples, who is also Director of the excavations at Pompeii and Herculaneum, and Honorary President of the Vergilian Society. They will occur during the course of the Holy Year, daily, including Sundays, at 8:30 and 10:00 A.M. The lectures will be given in English, but if, as sometimes happens, they are given in Italian, an English interpreter will accompany the lecturer.

Latin teachers interested in the subjects of the lectures and the various meeting places should communicate directly with Professor FitzPatrick, enclosing an addressed and stamped envelope for her convenience. (See the Vergilian Society ad on Page 210 of our February issue.—Ed.)

PITTED AGAINST UNFAIR ODDS

"MOTHER, I CAN'T ELECT Cicero next fall because there are only eighteen of us who want it, and the office told Miss Jones that we must number twenty if a class is to be formed."

"But Billy, I want you to take both Cicero's *Orations* and Vergil's *Aeneid*: your father and I did, and we don't consider you properly prepared for college without four years of Latin."

"Yes, Mother, I know; but I don't believe the principal will permit it. He says that number in mechanical drawing would go, but a dead language is a different thing."

And so Billy didn't elect Latin; neither did seventeen others.

A prominent Latin teacher has written this department the familiar lament in our larger city schools. How are we going to hold our advanced classes if the number of twenty must be attained? "Can't any help come to us teachers? . . . We believe that small classes are needed for our leaders—that the better students should be given increased opportunity for advanced classes."

This is an iniquitous administrative requirement. It seems to this editor to be one of the most subtle and diabolical means at the disposal of our administrators for diminishing and finally for dis-

posing of a Latin department. For he can say to parents: "Well, in view of the size of other classes in advanced English, social studies, and history, we cannot afford to start a class in so elective a subject as Cicero or Vergil with only eighteen students."

The writer believes that some action should be taken on this matter through proper channels. He suggests that a round-robin should be drawn up by leading public men, college classicists, friendly educationists, and others, whose main theme, addressed to schools of education and school administrators, might be as follows: "We believe that our public schools should train young boys and girls to be leaders as well as efficient workers in some trade or profession. To that end language students with an average scholarship of not less than B grade should be permitted to elect an advanced course such as Cicero, Vergil, or their equivalent, in as few numbers as 10, 12, or 15. We believe that it is an important function of the tax-supported public school to provide that privilege and that sort of training."

ARE WE COLLEGE PROFESSORS REMISS?

THIS SAME CORRESPONDENT adds this:

We high school teachers resent it when fine youngsters of average ability, eagerly looking forward to college Latin, are told to sink or swim, to do it by themselves, perhaps given a book without notes or grammar—ah, me, the tears fall from my soul! Is nearly all college Latin dead now? We have to take children with no English background . . . Why can't college teachers *teach*, too, and create a desire to learn instead of kill our children off?

This editor feels deeply sympathetic concerning this situation. One comforting thought is that many college teachers of Latin do *teach*. They do swim alongside the puffing freshman and hold his head up now and then. But too often, I fear, the college teacher is concerned more about the book he is writing or the manuscript he is deciphering, or the conference paper he is preparing, to spend a few minutes a week encouraging a faltering pupil to reach the shore. Here is an opportunity for a round-robin of high school teachers to remind crimson-faced college Latin teachers to be more concerned about their *subjects* and less concerned about the *subject*.

D.S.W.

THE CLASSICAL JOURNAL

Volume 45 Number 7
APRIL 1950

*Authors of a literature of protest
Portrayers of a crumbling age—Petronius and Fitzgerald*

The Great Gatsby and Trimalchio

Paul L. MacKendrick

THE NEWS THAT SCOTT FITZGERALD at first intended to give the title *Trimalchio* to his novel *The Great Gatsby*, but was dissuaded on the ground that the name would be too hard for the public to spell and pronounce, will be treated by classicists with their customary stoicism. To aficionados of Scott Fitzgerald it will not be news. For they will remember that because of Daisy's dissatisfaction with one of Gatsby's fabulous parties "the lights in his house failed to go on one Saturday night—and, as obscurely as it had begun, his career as Trimalchio was over." And they will recall that in *This Side of Paradise* Amory Blaine, who is to Fitzgerald as Eugene Gant to Thomas Wolfe, "delved

further into the misty side streets of literature: Huysmans, Walter Pater, Theophile Gautier, and the racier sections of Rabelais, Boccaccio, Petronius, and Suetonius."

Classicists will probably be disappointed, and others neither sad nor glad, that the delving resulted in no deadly parallels. There is not even direct evidence that Fitzgerald read Petronius in Latin; at least the *Satyricon* was not included in the syllabus of the two courses in Latin that Fitzgerald took at Princeton. And he wrote in an undated letter, "One time in sophomore year at Princeton, Dean West got up and rolled out the great lines of Horace:

*'Integer vitae, scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris iaculis neque arcu'—*

—And I knew in my heart that I had missed something by being a poor Latin scholar, like a blessed evening with a lovely girl. It was a great human experience I had rejected through laziness, through having sown no painful seed."

But shakiness in Latin had not barred Amory Blaine from reading the *Satyricon* because it was racy, and it did not keep the mature Fitzgerald from seeing in Trimalchio the symbol of a sick society. So the method

(Paul L. MacKendrick, member of the Department of Classics at the University of Wisconsin, now in Italy on a Fulbright Fellowship, is one of those rarer scholars who see the ancient and modern world within one view. His article here, beyond its general interest, will be immensely useful for those college teachers who interpret the ancient authors to the student of modern literatures.)

Professor MacKendrick is editor of the comprehensive two-volume anthology of classical authors in new translations now under preparation by the University of Wisconsin Press. The direction of this volume has been closely related to Professor MacKendrick's experiences in the Integrated Liberal Studies Program at Wisconsin

(detailed reporting of décor and incident), the aim (social satire), and the experience (progressive disillusion) of Petronius and Fitzgerald are so similar that the parallel between the *nouveau riche* excesses of Long Island under Harding and of Capua—or was it Puteoli?—under Nero turns out to be striking, and that between the authors more striking still. To cast light, through the investigation of these more subtle parallels, upon the social, intellectual, and political attitudes common to both authors, and to suggest a new approach to Petronius through the understanding of Fitzgerald, is the purpose of this paper.

I

THE ESSENTIAL DIFFERENCE between Gatsby and Trimalchio, so far as the fragmentary state of the *Satyricon* permits us to judge, is that Gatsby has a sentimental motive for his magnificence, Trimalchio none, beyond that of any Midas or Morgan or Maecenas. This is of course another way of saying that Fitzgerald sympathizes with his hero and despises "what preyed on Gatsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams"; Petronius despises the whole society that has made Trimalchio and most of his hangers-on. With these important reservations, Fitzgerald describes the "vast, vulgar, and meretricious beauty" of West Egg—the music, the *objets d'art*, the people—in terms which Petronius would understand.

First of all, the music, part of the many-colored, many-keyed commotion of Gatsby's life. A whole pitful of oboes and trombones and saxophones and viols and cornets and piccolos, and low and high drums, playing Vladimir Tostoff's *Jazz History of the World*, burying its rhythms obligingly for an exhibitionist dancer, supplying the accompaniment to a famous tenor who sings in Italian, and a notorious contralto who sings in jazz. A tall, red-haired young lady from a famous chorus weeps as she sings, and is invited to sing the notes which her mascara has made on her face.

This musical background is even more painfully obvious at Trimalchio's party—

after all, his wife is an ex-chorus girl, and in her house everything is done to music. A uniformed trumpeter plays a fanfare as the guests enter the dining hall; a piccolo whispers private music in the master's ear as he is carried in his sedan chair; the slaves sing in chorus as they solicitously pare the guests' hangnails; Trimalchio is piped in to dinner, and himself grinds out in a most hideous voice a hit tune from a musical comedy. Music of popular airs accompanies acrobats as they climb ladders, hop through burning hoops, and pick up wine-jars with their teeth. The cook sings in an extremely ugly quavering voice as he serves the snails. After an outburst of maudlin weeping Trimalchio sings in his bath, and finally the party ends as it began, with trumpeters, this time rehearsing a funeral march so loud that the watch bursts in, thinking Trimalchio's thirty-room house is on fire.

Décor

IN BOTH HOUSES the objects of conspicuous consumption and conspicuous waste display a taste in keeping with the music. Gatsby's house was a factual imitation of some Hotel de Ville in Normandy, built in period style by a brewer who went into a decline because the tenants of the neighboring cottages refused to have their roofs thatched with straw. ("Americans, while willing, even eager, to be serfs, have always been obstinate about being peasantry.") Trimalchio would have approved, though Daisy did not, of Gatsby's two motor boats, his Rolls-Royce, his station-wagon, his own circus-wagon of a car ("a rich cream color, bright with nickel, swollen here and there in its monstrous length with triumphant hat boxes and supper boxes and tool boxes, and terraced with a labyrinth of wind-shields that mirrored a dozen suns"). Besides, there were his eight servants (seventy were born on Trimalchio's estates in a single day), his hydroplane, his library, triumphant and thoroughly stocked with real books. ("Knew when to stop, too—didn't cut the pages.") Gatsby's shirts have "stripes and scrolls and plaids in coral and

apple-green and lavender and faint orange, with monograms of Indian blue," and he wears suits of caramel color, or luminous pink, or white flannel, with a silver shirt and gold tie.

Trimalchio's house, like its master, *ex nihilo crevit*. It used to be a mere kiosk, now it's a regular temple: four dining rooms, twenty bed-rooms, two marble (vener) colonnades, an *upstairs* wine-cellar, master bedroom, the viper's boudoir (Trimalchio so refers to his wife, the ex-chorus girl), a fine nook for the porter, and plenty of guest bedrooms. When the lamps multiply before Trimalchio's guests' eyes, the illumination is rather inward than outward, but these same lamps burn costly ointment, which is also used in the wine and as a foot-bath. Trimalchio has a passion for silver. Trimalchio's wines are older than Napoleon brandy ("I put on some second-rate stuff yesterday, and there was a much more distinguished guest-list"); he is saving several magnums, carefully sealed with gypsum, to decorate his enormous mausoleum. He despises learning no more than Gatsby; he has three libraries, one Greek and one Latin. (The discrepancy is in the manuscripts, and it should stand.) His porter wears green with a cerise belt, his wife cerise with a high yellow waist-band, and he himself plays tennis in a russet tunic and dress pumps.

People

THESE NABOBS, ancient and modern, have in common not only their music and their *objets d'art*, but their parasites, the types that prey upon them. At Gatsby's the guests conduct themselves according to the rules of behavior associated with an amusement park, and the reader is better acquainted with them than is the host, who says simply, "I keep it [his house] always full of interesting people night and day. People who do interesting things. Celebrated people." It is a precious lot. They sneer bitterly at Gatsby on the courage of Gatsby's liquor, and by accepting his hospitality become authorities on his past. There are the names of that menagerie listed

in grim catalogue, full of Fitzgerald's obsession with the rawness, the *Weltschmerz*, the sudden deaths, and the neuroses of the 'twenties: "Doctor Webster Civet, who was drowned last summer up in Maine . . . Edgar Beaver, whose hair, they say, turned cotton-white one winter afternoon for no good reason at all . . . Snell was there three days before he went to the penitentiary, so drunk out on the gravel drive that the Ulysses Swett's automobile ran over his right hand. . . . G. Earl Muldoon, brother to that Muldoon who afterward strangled his wife . . . the young Quinns, divorced now, and Henry L. Palmetto, who killed himself by jumping in front of a subway train in Times Square . . . young Brewer, who had his nose shot off in the war . . . Miss Claudia Hip, with a man reputed to be her chauffeur." All these people—the world and his mistress—came to Gatsby's house in the summer.

Women

AS A FOIL TO THESE, Fitzgerald presents "the staid nobility of the countryside": rich, confused, simple-minded Tom Buchanan, the ex-Yale end, who had reached such an acute limited excellence at twenty-one that everything afterward savored of anti-climax. He nibbles at the edge of stale ideas, believes in race supremacy, and—when he is not with his mistress—in family life and family institutions. "By God, I may be old-fashioned in my ideas, but women run around too much these days to suit me." He is capable of instant transition from libertine to prig. Gatsby's five years' devotion to Daisy he dismisses as a "presumptuous little flirtation." It is his wife, Daisy, excitingly desirable, the silver idol, the "nice" girl (the quotation marks are Fitzgerald's), safe and proud above the hot struggles of the poor, in her artificial world, redolent of orchids, and pleasant, cheerful snobbery, for whose sake Gatsby has reared the preposterous Petronian structure whose simplicity she fails to understand. She says, with "basic insincerity," that she has been everywhere and seen everything and done everything. Like Augustus' daughter

Julia she has contracted a *mariage de convenience*, and is therefore looking for romantic possibilities totally absent from her world. When she has killed her husband's mistress in an auto accident, she allows her lover Gatsby to take the blame and to be murdered for it, while she and her husband, having smashed up things and creatures carelessly, retreat back into their money or their vast carelessness, or whatever it is that keeps them together, and let other people clean up the mess they have made.

But of course the major interest of both novels centres in the development of the main characters. The fine sympathy with which Nick Carraway, Fitzgerald's intellectual *alter ego*, describes Gatsby is a foil for the subtle scorn with which he strips Daisy and her kind down to their basic insincerity. We see how James Gatz of North Dakota invented just the sort of Jay Gatsby that a seventeen-year old boy would be likely to invent, set him in a dream universe of ineffable gaudiness, such as one could concoct by skimming through a dozen magazines, and remained faithful to that conception to the end; how as a young officer by the colossal accident of the first world war, with no comfortable family behind him, he fell in love with Daisy, and was committed to the following of a grail. When she, wanting her life shaped by some force—of love, of money, of unquestioned practicality—that was close at hand, married Tom Buchanan while Gatsby was overseas, he devoted his whole corrupt life to the realizing of his uncorruptible dream—drifted coolly out of nowhere and bought a palace on Long Island Sound, in order to have the kind of friends whose lack had lost him Daisy. It had been a world complete in itself, second to nothing because it had no consciousness of being so, until he looked at it again through Daisy's eyes, and saw her "appalled by this unprecedented 'place' that Broadway had begotten upon a Long Island fishing village, by its raw vigor that chafed under the old euphemisms and by the too obtrusive fate that herded its inhabitants along a short-cut from nothing to nothing." She was appalled by it, so again he stood breathless and betrayed,

having paid a high price for living too long with a single dream. The Gatzes of this world can never long possess the Daisy Fays: the distance from the clam flats of Lake Superior to ripe mystery, the gay and radiant activities of Daisy's father's house in Louisville, is too great to be bridged even by the colossal accidents of a war and a postwar. *Ex nihilo nil fit*; but Fitzgerald makes it clear that Lucretius' truism applies to Daisy as well as to Gatsby.

What of the menagerie that surrounds Trimalchio? Their names are all Greek: Hermeros, Dama, Seleucus, Phileros the barrister, Ganymede, Echion the rag man, Niceros, Plocamus, Habinnas the contractor; they are all *parvenus*; yesterday a garret, today a mansion. Like Gatsby and his gangster and café society friends, they are in but not of the society in which they live. They differ essentially from Gatsby's guests in that they all know their host, and admire him. With his estates so large he has never seen his boundaries, his slaves so numerous he does not know one in ten by name, his accounts so complicated they are always six months in arrears, his fortune so vast he cannot invest it, he represents all their little dreams magnified to infinity. But they, like Gatsby and the foul dust that floated in the wake of his dreams, are filled with a maudlin *mal de siècle*. Their satisfactions are material, subject to the destroying touch of death, or bankruptcy, or the sneers of the *dilettanti*.

Trimalchio's is the rare dinner party where the food has less savor than the conversation. Dama drinks double bumpers, and goes straight from bed to banquet. Seleucus mourns a friend who has fasted to death: "It was just the other day that he called me by name: I can see myself talking to him now. We walk about," he sighs, "like blown-up bladders; we are less than flies . . . no more than bubbles. . . . It was the doctors did him in, or rather bad luck, for a doctor is no more than a consolation of the mind. . . . He had a fine wake—he had freed a number of slaves—even if his wife's were crocodile tears." Phileros the barrister adds significant detail, full of all the solid bourgeois values:

"He started from scratch and made his pile, by being willing to pick up a farthing from a dunghill with his teeth. So he grew like a honeycomb, and left a clear hundred thousand, and all in hard cash. But his slaves eavesdropped, and did him in. It never pays to be too trusting, especially if you're a business man." The undertaker Proculus—"the decentest man in the party," Petronius calls him—cannot call his hair his own; like Gatsby, he has found that when "the company's pot goes off the boil, and things start slipping, your friends desert you." He used to dine like a king: pigs in blankets, *petits fours*, pheasant, more wine spilled under the table than many a man has in his cellar, but when bankruptcy strikes him he does not lose his *panache*. "For sale," he advertises, "superfluous goods."

And it is not only the rich whom the shoe pinches. Ganymede speaks for the common man, who suffers, while to upper-class jaws it's always Christmas. Nowadays the politicians are in league with the bakers to keep dear bread bad and scarce. It gets worse, he sighs, by the minute. This town is growing backward, like the calf's tail.

Echion the rag man doesn't think it's so bad. "Things are good in spots, as the farmer said when he lost the piebald pig." There are always *panis et circenses*. The intelligentsia may scoff, but the poor have their pleasures. Their sons learn Greek and the times-table, can get to be barbers, or auctioneers, or at least lawyers. Look at Phileros, for instance. Only yesterday he used to carry round his wares for sale on his back, and today he dares talk back in court to the best of them. "Yes, culture is a gold-mine, and a good practical education never dies." Who are the *literati* to sneer at these bourgeois values? Hermeros bought his freedom, he owes no one a sou, he has his bit of land and his bit of money—"I feed twenty bellies and a dog," he says proudly—his credit is better than riches; he has made the grade. "I never learned geometry and criticism and nonsense and nursery rhymes, but I can read large print and figure in pounds, shillings, and ounces." He has learned the value of property, circumspec-

tion, and respect. "I thank God," he says, "for my practical education: it has made me what I am today." Encolpius and Ascylltus, whose adventures give the *Satyricon* its precarious unity, are a pair in whose comparison Fitzgerald's inks are white. They have a better education than prospects, and better prospects than morals. Encolpius, particularly, the intellectual, is given to Proustain self-flagellation and introspection. "I care nothing for possessions," he says, "unless the common heard is jealous of them." After Trimalchio's banquet he takes a room in an out-of-the-way place right on the beach and haunts himself with the thought that he is deserted, despised, a cheat, a murderer, a beggar, and an exile. Like Fitzgerald, Encolpius is sensitive because he has never seen military action; he lies about his captain and his regiment until he is exposed because his shoes are out of uniform. He does not share the bourgeois view of the blessings of education. "College," he says, "makes complete fools of our young men, because they see and hear nothing of ordinary life there." Uprooted, unadjusted, unhappy in love, ill-at-ease in the social, intellectual, and political climate of a world he never made, he is, and he knows he is, a member of neither the first nor the last of the "lost generations," one of the "sad young men," blood brother to Jake in *The Sun Also Rises*, to Amory Blaine, Nick Carraway, and Dick Diver, to Eugene Gant and George Webber, to Stephen Daedalus and perhaps even to Studs Lonigan.

The tale of Trimalchio's motiveless extravagance begins and ends with a trumpet-call which is a *memento mori*. "I am bursting with happiness," he says between sobs. "I was once just what you are," he tells his guests, "but by my own merits I have come to this." "This" is a drunken quarrel with his wife before a houseful of tipsy guests. The road to "this" is marked by subservience, adultery, losses at sea, and the pawning of his wife's jewels, and the attainment of his goal is celebrated by a rehearsal of his funeral, with himself in the role of corpse. "So the world turns like a mill," he says in the midst of his ostentation, "and always brings some evil to

pass." When in 1922, the dramatic date of *The Great Gatsby*, T. S. Eliot published *The Waste Land*, he aptly chose a quotation from Trimalchio as its motto. When the boys asked the Sibyl, "Σίβυλλα, τί θέλεις;" she answered, "'Αποθανεῖν θέλω." Gatsby and the Buchanans, too, live on the edge of a Waste Land, the symbolic desert of ashes that lies between West Egg and New York. Is it not perhaps more than a mere cliché when Trimalchio's limping elegiacs bewail the unpredictability of Fortune and prescribe wine as opiate? With unconscious irony he quotes verses about pearls, emeralds, rubies, and fine linen, and how little they compensate the cuckolded husband. His gods are Gain, Luck, and Profit, and they have given him just that and nothing more. He has composed his own epitaph: "He started from a shoestring, left thirty million, and never went to college." He believes in werewolves, witches, and astrologers. A cock-crow makes him nervous, and he lives in deadly fear of informers. It is all as sinister as a Charles Adams cartoon. He cannot imagine a poor man, even as a hypothetical case. He is a Man of Property, and as such he shares the unhappiness, as he exceeds the bad taste, of Soames Forsyte, of Babbitt, and of Fitzgerald's "very rich, who are different from you and me." ("Yes," said Hemingway, "they have more money.")

II

IN VIEW OF THEIR unsparing and detailed analysis of the ills of their society, it is not surprising that Petronius and Fitzgerald are in equally bad odor with the mandarins of literary criticism. Says an English classicist of this century, "If we can suppose the author of this work [the *Satyricon*] to have been animated by any other motive than the desire to amuse himself, it might be that of convincing himself that the world in general was as bad as he was himself." Says an American, writing in 1929, "It is unfortunate . . . that writers whom we regard as realists should have felt themselves compelled to deal with the lower strata of society and with the unpleasant aspects of existence." So distin-

guished a literary figure as Mr. Westbrook Pegler had this to say of Fitzgerald's choice of characters, in a tasteful piece composed at the time of the author's death: "[It] recalls memories of a queer bunch of undisciplined and self-indulgent brats who were determined not to pull their weight in the boat and wanted the world to drop everything and sit down and bawl with them. A kick in the pants and a clout over the scalp were more like their needing."

In dealing with these gentry, the patience of Job, though more difficult to exercise than the acidity of a Housman, is perhaps more efficacious in the long run. For we have come to see that the artist is the product of his age and his own experience, and we know that neither Petronius' nor Fitzgerald's age or experience was calculated precisely to convince them that God was in his Heaven or that all was right with the world.

Merely Clever

FOR GATSBY IS FITZGERALD, and the novel is a condition contrary to fact in past time. — Gatsby's story might have been Fitzgerald's if *This Side of Paradise* had not made the author enough money to marry Zelda Sayre. In that novel Mrs. Connage says to her daughter Rosalind, "I have your best interests at heart when I tell you not to take a step you'll spend your days regretting. . . . You'd be dependent absolutely on a dreamer, a nice, well-born boy, but a dreamer—merely clever." So Rosalind "presses the ring softly into Amory's hand" and makes him "sick of a system where the richest man gets the most beautiful girl if he wants her, where the artist without an income has to sell his talents to a button manufacturer." To turn from the fictional to the real situation, Fitzgerald himself wrote, in *The Crack-Up*, "It was one of those tragic loves doomed for lack of money, and one day the girl closed it out on the basis of common sense. During a long summer of despair I wrote a novel instead of letters, so it came out all right, but it came out all right for a different person. The man with the jingle of money in his pocket who married the

girl a year later would always cherish an abiding distrust, an animosity, toward the leisure class—not the conviction of a revolutionist but the smouldering hatred of a peasant. In the years since then I have never been able to stop wondering where my friends' money came from, nor to stop thinking that at one time a sort of *droit de seigneur* might have been exercised to give one of them my girl."

There might be some grounds for suspecting here the influence of Edmund Wilson, whom Fitzgerald referred to as for twenty years his intellectual conscience, and who probably figures as Tom d'Inville in *This Side of Paradise*. But the savage dissection of Tom and Daisy Buchanan in *Gatsby*, and of Nicole Diver and her family in *Tender is the Night*, are surely Fitzgerald's own. When John Dos Passos ranked *Gatsby* with *War and Peace* and *The Red and the Black*, we may be sure that it was not Fitzgerald's sympathy with the upper classes that prompted the choice. It was no mere playboy chronicler of a jazz age, nor even an "Orestes at the Ritz," who wrote of Nicole Diver: "For her sake trains began their run at Chicago and traversed the round belly of the continent to California; chicle factories fumed and link-belts grew link by link in factories; men mixed toothpaste in vats and drew mouthwash out of copper hogsheads; girls canned tomatoes quickly in August or worked rudely at the Five-and-Tens on Christmas Eve; half-breed Indians toiled on Brazilian coffee plantations and dreamers were muscled out of patent rights in new tractors." Fitzgerald had risen above the "illusions of a nation, the lies of generations of frontier mothers who had to croon falsely that there were no wolves outside the cabin door."

And what of Petronius? Fitzgerald's world had seemed to go to pieces overnight; Petronius' had been crumbling for two hundred years: first in the blood-bath of civil war, then in spendthrift hedonism and extravagant prodigality. When all due allowance is made for the rhetorical exaggeration which colors nearly all Latin literature, there remains a hard core of fact: there was a

gross inequality in the distribution of wealth, and the rebels were aware of it. A century before the probable date of the *Satyricon*, Lucretius was analyzing the neurotic restlessness of the leisure class; Sallust, later, ascribes the conspiracy of Catiline in part to the loathing felt by the ordinary man for his own condition. By the time Livy was writing his famous preface, in the Golden Age of Augustus, the *auri sacra fames* had reached, he says, such a pitch that Rome could endure neither her vices nor their remedies. Horace in *Odes* and *Satires* show how the millionaire's fears and forebodings, like Trimalchio's, clamber up the same way as the millionaire himself. Rome has grown more corrupt generation by generation, and Horace sees no prospect of the precedent's being reversed. Poor and rich are equally restless. One poor man changes his garret, his bed, his bath, his barber; he hires a boat, and is as sick as the rich man in his three-banked yacht. Persius shares with Petronius a contempt for the sort of education which has helped to make this sick society what it is; Juvenal joins our author in an attack on legacy-hunting. Petronius says of Croton, but he means Rome: "In that city men are either the prey of legacy-hunting or are legacy-hunters themselves. . . . No one brings up children; that would mean no dinner or theatre invitations. So the town is a Waste Land [like Fitzgerald's desert of ashes in *Gatsby*], like a plague-stricken plain, where there is nothing but carcasses to be devoured, and crows to devour them."

Such was the society in which Petronius lived and wrote. "There are only the pursued, the pursuing, the busy and the tired." Yet though Trimalchio, Encolpius and the rest are the living embodiments of the vices and the attitudes dealt with by the Roman satirists as abstractions, to most classical scholars Petronius' motive for writing remains a mystery. But the *Cena Trimalchionis* is an account of a *parvenu* banquet written for the entertainment of the court in the same sense as *Gulliver's Travels* is a tale for children, *The Rape of the Lock* the story of a hair-cut, and *Moby Dick* about a whale. If we apply to

Petronius the method we have used with Scott Fitzgerald, it becomes at once apparent that the ancient no more than the modern author is a mere retailer of *chroniques scandaleuses*. Both contribute to the literature of protest evoked from sensitive spirits in every age in which ethics fails to control economics. Petronius has been called a jaded voluptuary, yet he cares passionately about the decline of education and the arts; he has been termed a cynical patrician, yet he can put into the mouth of Ganymede a complaint of the plight of the poor, caught between the upper and the nether millstone, which is unique in Latin literature; he passes for a half-amused contemplator of low-life, yet his *saeva indignatio* toward legacy-hunting is as biting as Juvenal's. *Difficile est saturam non scribere*. His colossally ignorant and ostentatious Trimalchio, confused and unhappy in the midst of his luxury, is described with the same repugnance which Fitzgerald lavishes upon Tom Buchanan. Even as a literary critic Petronius is not above the battle: when he re-writes Lucan's *Pharsalia*, it is to change the bias from the conservative Pompey to the liberal Caesar.

It has been brought against Petronius as a sort of accusation that none of his characters shows affection, conscience, honor, or goodness of heart. Well, the emperor's affection was not conspicuous when he had his mother murdered; the prime minister Seneca's conscience did not prevent him from amassing a fortune of three hundred million during four years of "standing well with truth and yet not ill with Nero"; Otho's honor did not stand in the way of his acting as pander between his wife and his sovereign; and Christian goodness of heart was rewarded by the cross and the arena.

It is perhaps not surprising that these qualities are absent from the fiction, as they are absent from the life, of the age of the Harding scandals, Teapot Dome, Fatty Arbuckle, and the Ku Klux Klan. Petronius' bourgeoisie, like Fitzgerald's, is neurotic, confused, dissatisfied; his intellectuals, like Fitzgerald's, are frustrated by their ability to diagnose the ailment without being able to effect a cure.

Both authors see clearly the political corruption of their age. Oscar Wilde, who supplied a motto to *This Side of Paradise*, and under the name Sebastian Melmoth is suspected of having translated the *Satyricon*, may stand as a symbol. For Petronius is not the first, nor Fitzgerald the last, to be called monstrous by the critics for describing their age as they see it: socially, intellectually, politically corrupt. Perhaps not until authors and critics alike cease confusing what should be with what is, will what should be finally be brought to pass. Until then, we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

NEW CAMWS OFFICERS

AT THE FORTY-SIXTH annual meeting of the Classical Association of the Middle West and South held early in April in Cleveland, Professor Clarence A. Forbes of the Ohio State University was elected president of the association for 1950-51, succeeding Miss Mary V. Braginton of Rockford College.

The 1951 meeting, it was announced, will be held in Memphis, Tennessee, March 29, 30, 31.

First Vice-President for 1950-51 will be Miss Esther Weightman of Madison, Wisconsin.

Professor William C. Korfmacher was re-appointed Secretary-Treasurer to serve through 1950-51.

To serve as Editor-in-Chief and Business Manager of THE CLASSICAL JOURNAL, Professor Clyde Murley of Northwestern University was appointed to succeed Norman J. DeWitt of the University of Minnesota, who resigned after five years of service.

A distinctive feature of the meeting was the reading of "Ovationes" in Latin at the banquet session, as tributes to four members of the Association. Among those so honored were President-Emeritus Winfred G. Leutner of Western Reserve University, Professor-Emeritus Clarence P. Bill, also of Western Reserve University, and Dr. E. B. de Sauzé, whorecently retired as Director of Foreign Language Study in the Cleveland public schools.

The translator must ask himself:
"What word has caught you off guard?"

Homer Transprosod

Edward S. Le Comte

ONE OF THE BEST ways of studying the problem of prose is to see what it comes to under the pressure of translation, preferably translation from poetry. One learns about the normality from the abnormality. And prose translations of Homer have furnished abnormality aplenty. But their quirks do us a double favor, for they drive us to reviewing our notions of Homer as well as of English.

OF COURSE THE PERENNIAL question of how to translate Homer is not one question but two. Even Chapman gave up his far-flung "fourteeners" for relatively straightforward decasyllabic couplets when he turned from the *Iliad* to the *Odyssey*, as if realizing a fundamental difference between the two poems. The difference is so considerable that it is difficult, though not impossible, to believe that both poems proceeded from the same mind. The canopy of tragedy has become a sail. Yet it is the islands rather than the sea

that count, and we have a domestic epic, with a new psychology and different gods. One way of putting the difference is to say, with Rhys Carpenter and others, that the Homer of the *Odyssey* likes dogs, while the Homer of the *Iliad* patently does not. In the older poem (no one denies this order of creation, at least), dogs are soulless things to threaten to feed corpses to, or to fling pitilessly with twelve bound Trojans on Patroclus' funeral pyre. But everyone remembers the beautiful recognition scene between Argus and Odysseus, in which the faithful old hound who has been waiting twenty years for his master to come home has strength left only to wag his tail before black death carries him down to wherever dogs go (the poet of the *Odyssey* seems to think their fate is as good as a man's, for he uses the same language of both). In short, I for one cannot imagine the Homer of the *Iliad* composing those particular thirty-seven lines in Book xvii of the *Odyssey* and certain hundreds of others in the same poem. But this need not fail to make me a unitarian in regard to authorship. For the question is still left open of whether time and other imponderables have changed one great poet—it is the change I am insisting on—or given us two. It would have been impossible for me to believe that *Troilus and Cressida* was written by the same poet who wrote *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, were I not used to that as a fact. Much about great poetry is miraculous anyway. Besides, to come back to my point, which is Heraclitus's too, it was *not* the same poet. That is the deeper fact, the one not to be found on the title page.

This difference between those poems which are for us at the beginning of European literature is summed up in Coleridge's statement that "the *Odyssey* was the oldest and the finest romance that has ever been written," a

(When we asked Professor Le Comte for some information about himself that we might pass on to our readers, he replied:

"As for my biography, the article contains references indicating that I taught Humanities at Columbia College and then went West to Berkeley, where at the University of California I gave a course in Masterpieces of Literature which also began with the *Iliad*. The California period was 1945-48, and in the second year of my course in masterpieces I found myself facing, somewhat to my consternation, 350 students. Now I am back at Columbia as an Assistant Professor of English, with one of the many sections in Humanities A as part of my regular teaching—no section being permitted to exceed 25. I was born and educated in New York City, getting all three degrees from Columbia (A.B. 1939, A.M. 1940, Ph.D. 1943). I have published *Endymion in England: The Literary History of a Greek Myth* (New York, 1944) and a number of articles, in scholarly journals, on Milton and on Shakespeare. On the former I am a specialist; on the latter I should like to be."

remark that is regularly repeated now in the overmodernised form that the *Odyssey* is a novel. Undoubtedly it is a forerunner of the novel, and no one has ever said this particularly of the *Iliad* (though we get from Brunetière and others, including Fielding in his preface to *Joseph Andrews*, the general statement that the novel is the modern development of the epic). In the age of the novel, therefore, it is not surprising that the *Odyssey* should have got the greater attention from translators, and have fared comparatively well. Lawrence of Arabia has given us a great romantic translation, while for those who want something barer there has lately been E. V. Rieu's, itself part of an equally interesting experiment to make the classics available for twenty-five—or is it now fifty?—cents. Neither of these, nor that master of repressed elegance of a generation ago, George Herbert Palmer, has left us an *Iliad*. Moreover, two other translators, who did both poems in prose, have been notably more successful with the *Odyssey*. A. T. Murray was there less under the yoke of Andrew Lang and his collaborators, while W. H. D. Rouse, in *The Story of Odysseus*, has, for all his dialectical capers, produced a fine, well-girt version.

Translations for Our Time

NEVERTHELESS I think that the translation for our time of the *Iliad*—it may be forthcoming from Rieu—will also be in prose. For us who teach, the prose version will have the advantage of allaying the student's ordinary distrust of "poetry," by which he means verse. But back of that is something bigger—*Zeitgeist*. An age which is clearly not an age of poetry does not take to verse translation, and our respect for accuracy, which is part of our respect for science, has committed us to preferring a translation with no beauty at all to one with a false beauty. But this is the extreme form of the prose alternative, the possibility of which Mark Van Doren, for instance, would stoutly deny, in the case of Homer. One of his proofs of the inferiority of Milton is to ask where Milton would be, shorn of his famous style—that is, in translation. As for

Homer, "Nobody fails to find in him, below the level of sound and style, the things that prove him a great poet. Nothing so clearly proves him one as that he survives translation." I would add that whenever he is betrayed by all ill-chosen word, one does not need to know Greek to know who is at fault.

Nineteenth-Century Prose

OF THE TWO BEST-KNOWN prose versions of the *Iliad*, that of Lang, Leaf, and Myers is archaic, and that of Samuel Butler is inaccurate, as well as flippant. Regarding the Lang, Leaf, and Myers version there are the most violent differences of opinion. One former colleague of mine in the English department at the University of California admires it precisely because it is the prose that never was on land or sea, and he has written reports in elegant imitation of it. Another colleague, of about the same middle age, cannot stomach three pages of it, and damns it with the words "a typical product of Victorianism"—though certainly there is nothing like it except the Butler and Lang version of the *Odyssey*. But let us, to be specific, examine the opening lines of the *Iliad* as Dr. Walter Leaf gives them:

Sing, goddess, the wrath of Achilles Peleus' son, the ruinous wrath that brought on the Achaians woes innumerable, and hurled down into Hades many strong souls of heroes, and gave their bodies to be a prey to dogs and all winged fowls; and so the counsel of Zeus wrought out its accomplishment from the day when first strife parted Atreides king of men and noble Achilles.

The outstanding feature of this 1883 rendering, besides its dignity, is its scholarly accuracy. There never was a better "trot." My old Greek teacher in high school told us, all two of us, as we were commencing the *Iliad* for the last time it was offered at that school, that whenever we got into difficulties we should consult Lang, Leaf, and Myers; and I have taken that advice from time to time since. For literalness there is nothing that can be reasonably criticised above (except possibly "into Hades," which would be more faithful as "to Hades," since "Hades" is always the name of a god in Homer, not of a

place). But however fondly persons of old-fashioned tastes may cherish Lang, Leaf, and Myers, however much persons of middle age may differ as to whether "then he sate him down" is the best way to say "then he sat down," I as a teacher who assigned this archaic translation year after year at the University of California in a course in Masterpieces of Literature taken mainly by sophomores, and who earlier witnessed its use in Humanities A for freshmen at Columbia College—can report that it repels the young. A resistance is set up; some students, not the best, to be sure, never do fathom its English and remain bored and baffled until we pass on to Rawlinson's Herodotus and they make the pleasant discovery that not every ancient speaks an unintelligible jargon. (How much greater the resistance is of a high-school freshman when he is served Butcher and Lang's *Odyssey* I leave to the imagination—or the grim experience—of the reader.) Also I am weary of being told that Homer is "like the Bible." Of course this is not true, even of Lang, Leaf, and Myers, though the impression is helped along by the references to Zeus as "God" with a capital G (which is very different from calling him "the God" as in Lawrence of Arabia's *Odyssey*). But the comment shows that they expected a greater difference; and they were entitled to it.

Butler's Humor

STILL, ONE PARTICULARLY appreciates the dignity and the accuracy of this translation when one turns to Butler's, which lacks these qualities. He strips Homer of more than just epithets and patronymics and other locutions peculiar to oral poetry (besides some which are not). He robs him of dignity. A fair sample is the opening words:

Sing, O Goddess, the anger of Achilles, son of Peleus, that brought countless ills upon the Achaeans. Many a brave soul did it send hurrying down to Hades, and many a hero did it yield a prey to dogs and vultures, for so were the counsels of Jove fulfilled from the day on which the son of Atreus, king of men, and great Achilles first fell out with one another.

Over Butler's error in giving Greek gods

Roman names, a practise which Matthew Arnold had warned against, we need not pause, since it is corrected in the Classics Club edition of his translation. But Matthew Arnold warned against triviality too. The failings of Francis William Newman as a Homeric translator live again, but without ingenuity, in Butler. How can anyone with any feeling for language send the souls "hurrying down to Hades" as if they were on a shopping expedition? Again and again, as presumably never in his original prose, Butler uses the wrong word. "Ills" is not right either, for, though no rival to the Biblicism which occurs a few pages further on—"much people" (!), it is not modern, which above all Butler claims to be. On the score of diction he fails miserably, because he does not care how he mixes his tone and the connotations of words, giving us a Homer who misfires. I can explain this defection on the part of an admitted master of language only on the basis of the eccentric and in fact debased notions he had of the Homeric poems. In his discourse on "The Humour of Homer" he finds humor where no one else before or since has suspected it. His last example of humor from the *Iliad* is that scene in Book XIX where Briseis in grief flings herself on the body of Patroclus and says,

"How one misfortune does keep falling upon me after another! I saw the man to whom my father and mother had married me killed before my eyes, and my three own dear brothers perished along with him; but you, Patroclus, even while Achilles was sacking our city and killing my husband, told me that I was not to cry; for you said that Achilles himself should marry me, and take me back with him to Phthia, where we should have a wedding feast among the Myrmidons. You were always kind to me, and I should never cease to grieve for you."

This is not funny, even in Butler's translation but Butler's comment is funny, and at the same time a sufficient revelation of the attitude towards Homer that makes his translation what it is. "This may, of course, be seriously intended, but Homer was an acute writer, and if we had met with such a passage in Thackeray we should have taken him to mean that so long as a woman can get a new

husband, she does not much care about losing the old one—a sentiment which I hope no one will imagine that I for one moment endorse or approve of, and which I can only explain as a piece of sarcasm aimed possibly at Mrs. Homer."

After this, which is a new depth even for a popular lecture—Butler was addressing the Working Men's College in London—nothing need surprise us. I am not of course denying the humor—or else the naïveté—of certain passages of the *Iliad*, mostly those in which the deities are involved. But this humor is not something that a translator can legislate in, or legislate out. It is there for us in any translation, even—or especially—that of Lang, Leaf, and Myers. Take that scene in Book xiv where Hera sets out to seduce Zeus, who pays her the tactless compliment of going through the roll-call of his previous loves by way of assessing her present supreme desirableness.

Then Zeus, the gatherer of the clouds, answered her and said: "Hera, thither mayst thou go on a later day. But come let us twain take pleasure in the bed of love. For never once as thus did the love of goddess or woman so mightily overflow and conquer the heart within my breast. Not when I loved the wife of Ixion, who bore Pirithoos, the peer of gods in counsel, nor when I loved Danaë of the fair ankles, daughter of Akrisios, who bore Perseus, most renowned of all men, nor when I loved the famed daughter of Phoinix, who bore me Minos, and godlike Rhadamanthys, nay, nor even when I loved Semele, nor Alkmene in Thebes, and she bore Herakles, a child hardy of heart, but Semele bore Dionysos, a delight to mortals, nay, nor when I loved the fair-tressed queen, Demeter, nor renowned Leto, nay, nor thy very self, as now I love thee, and sweet desire possesses me."

To this the Lang-Homer Hera adds the finishing touch: "Most dread son of Kronos, what a word thou has spoken!" (All that Butler does is copy inaccurately for the first part of this remark and spoil the rest: "Most dread son of Saturn, what are you talking about?")

Epithets and Patronymics

IT REMAINS TO NOTE that Butler decided he ought to spare his readers at least 50 per cent

of Homer's patronymics and fixed epithets. The omissions are already well under way with the opening lines. The first and key adjective of the poem, *οἰλομένην*, thrust forward at the head of its line, and predetermining the tragic tone of the thousands of lines to follow, what one might, taking a hint from C. M. Bowra, render as "disastrous"—"disastrous anger"—this Butler has seen fit to drop, although it can hardly be called a fixed epithet, since the poet never uses it again with that noun.

Moreover, since fixed epithets and patronymics are a conspicuous trait of epic style, it seems to me that the least—but it is an essential least—a prose translator can do is to pass them along. Let the versifiers be free: they can give us something for their license. We go to a prose translation to see what the original actually says. Besides, fixed epithets are not so unmodern as some people think. A best seller of 1941, George R. Stewart's *Storm*, made use of them. Thomas Mann makes use of them: they are in fact a leading characteristic of his style. Can any reader of *The Magic Mountain* have failed to notice how often the humanist Settembrini is called "plastic" (*plastisch*), or with what steady recurrence the hero Hans Castorp is identified as "life's delicate child" (*Sorgenkind des Lebens*)? But to defend Homer's epithets by modern analogies, or to compare his patronymics with the much more confusing patronymics in Russian novels (since these have no mythology behind them), or to cite Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum" or Gogol's *Dead Souls* in connection with his long similes, is merely to be, as T. S. Eliot would say, provincial in time, now that we are no longer provincial in space. These traits of Homeric style call for no apology, and there is certainly no warrant for suppressing them. How much can be lost by dropping out a word Butler teaches us when he comes to deal with that poignant scene where Helen on the tower speaks of her brothers Castor and Pollux as alive, though they were in truth dead:

ὥς φάτο, τοὺς δ' ἤδη κάτεχεν φυσίχους αἶα
ἐν Λακεδαίμονι αἰθι, φίλῃ ἐν πατρίδι γαίῃ.

Leaf renders: "So said she; but them the life-

giving earth held fast there in Lakedaimon, in their dear native land." Butler renders: "She knew not that both these heroes were already lying under the earth in their own land of Lacedaemon," dropping the adjective *φωσίδος*—"life-giving earth" and in general butchering the poetry as Leaf does not. No doubt it seemed silly to this highly rational man that the poet should speak of earth as life-giving at the very moment that two heroes are pictured as buried in it. But that is just the point. Earth is life-giving, but it is not life-giving for Castor and Pollux: thus the paradox and the pathos.

Murray and Rouse

THERE ARE TWO OTHER extant prose versions, one a direct descendant of Lang, Leaf, and Myers—that by A. T. Murray in the Loeb Library, and the other a distant descendant of Butler. The latter, Rouse's *The Story of Achilles* (I am not of course referring to either of his shortened versions, one of which goes under the title of *Achilles and the Great Quarrel at Troy*), is instructively simple in its narrative parts, but its incredible dialogues show that it is better to be formal than to be informal out of key. The characters are always saying "Bother it all!" and "Upon my word!" and in general treating each other, all through the five hundred pages, like carefully supervised and peculiarly British children on a Sunday school outing. John Erskine did the same thing much better twenty-five years ago for deliberate comic effect. In fact there is no end to the eccentricities of this version. No brief statement can do their multifariousness justice. Nestor breaks into light verse at the funeral games, and Poseidon in Book xiv becomes "an old ancient gaffer" with dialect to match: "Do 'ee bide a bit, and thast see yon gurt lords and captains dusten across the plain to home!" This is all very charming, no doubt, but let us not call it Homer.

The translator should indeed catch the difference between the individual speakers, some of whose styles we come to know very well. It was Pope who noted, "As there is more variety of characters in the *Iliad*, so there is of speeches, than in any other poem,"—and then

went on and made every character sound like Pope. The task of differentiation is easy enough with Nestor, a marked man from the start.

But Nestor, the sweet-voiced, clear-toned orator of the Pylians, stood up before them. His speech flowed sweeter than honey from his tongue. Two generations of mortal men had passed away who long ago had been born and bred with him in holy Pylos, and now he was ruling over the third generation. In all good will he addressed them. "Is it possible! A great sorrow comes home to the Achaeans. In truth, Priam would be glad, and the children of Priam and all the Trojans would greatly take heart, if they were to get news of all this wrangling between you two, who are chief of the Danaans in council and in battle. But be persuaded: you are both younger than I. For in my time I have mingled with even better men than you, and they were far from scorning me. No, I never saw nor expect to see such men as were Pirithous and Dryas, shepherd of his people, and Caeneus and Exadius and godlike Polyphemos, and Theseus the son of Aegeus, comparable to the immortals. Without a doubt these were the mightiest ever born on earth. They were the mightiest, and they fought with the mightiest, the centaurs of the hills, and utterly exterminated them. These were the men I associated with when I came from Pylos, from a land afar. They themselves called for my help. Yes, I engaged in single combat. No man now above ground could do battle with these. And when I gave advice they listened to me and did as I said. So you be persuaded too, since that is the better course . . ."

Many a critic has called Nestor long-winded, in apparent innocence of the possibility that Homer may have given him so many words because he is partial to him, since he resembles the poet himself in his glorification of the past, in his irrepressible conviction that men today—whatever "today" it is—are not what their forebears were. It is Homer, the Nestor of his age, who is constantly avowing that the boulder which Diomedes or Telamonian Ajax heaves at the enemy so readily is such as "not two men, as men now are," could lift. Thus, following a suggestion by Michel Bréal, I would translate that word which occurs in the opening lines, and is the ancestor of our word "heroes," as "men of yore":

Sing, muse, of the anger of Achilles the son of Peleus, the disastrous anger which brought many sorrows on the Achaeans. It sent the souls of many valiant men of yore to Hades and gave their bodies to the hounds and all the birds of prey. But the will of Zeus was carried out from the very beginning, when Atreus' son, king of men, and godlike Achilles quarreled and separated.

Every man who fights in the *Iliad* is a *ῥῶς*, big like the snows of yesteryear. Even Thersites is superlative, in his ugliness.

Of course the touchstone of success will be what is done with the speeches of Achilles, him who is the hero in most of our senses of the word, who dominates so much of the poem by his absence, and the rest of it by his golden-haired presence. (It may well be, by the way, that Achilles' hair was "reddish brown," but no translator in his right mind would carry prose that far. William Benjamin Smith and Walter Miller, in their recent experiment with a "Homeric" version, compromise with "gold-red.") In any case, Menelaus' hair is the same color.)

Truth without Falsity

THE OVERALL PROBLEM, as even my digressions serve to remind, is one of diction and of idiom, of being reasonably true to Homer without being unreasonably false to modern English. It would be wrong to iron out all flavor of the original. There should be some concession to Homer's idiom, enough for piquancy. Our translator will say "it pleased the heart of Agamemnon" and "his own dear hands." Sometimes he will find the Greek and the English idioms delightfully coinciding. The Achaean youths pass the day singing a paean to Apollo. "It did his heart good to hear it," Homer (though not his translators) says. Another example from the first book is a line of Hephaestus' admonition to Hera: "Let me give my mother a word to the wise."

For the fixed epithets, an inconspicuous translation will be best; they should never be dropped—they represent the world of normalcy, of permanence in the midst of tragic change—but we do not want to draw undue attention to them. While there would be some literary and linguistic justification for saying

"the Dawn, whose fingers are roses," this and similar inventions our translator will avoid and keep to "rosy-fingered Dawn," stereotyped now in English as it was in Greek. Similarly he will leave "ivory-wristed Queen" to Chapman, and say "white-armed," and the Achaeans will be "well-greaved," as usual, ships "swift" and "hollow," the sea "wine-dark," and so on through the list. Athene is "blue-eyed" in Pope, "grey-eyed" in Butler. Actually she is "gleaming-eyed" or "flashing-eyed," as befits her, both as the goddess of war in the *Iliad* and as goddess of the quick mind in the *Odyssey*. Literalness is almost always preferable in presenting the epithets, though sometimes a compromise will have to be worked out, as with *δαίμων*, literally "rolling-eyed," applied to Chryseis and—more difficult yet—to the Achaeans. I certainly would not try to soften *βοῶπις*, what is usually given as "ox-eyed" Hera, to "calm-eyed" Hera, for that would be suppressing a fact of great interest to students of comparative religion, but I would keep the sexes straight by changing to "cow-eyed."

But here we get on dangerous ground, where, in the choice of language, what the modern reader knows and what the modern reader thinks must be respected. How many readers can be expected to conjecture that this epithet for Hera may go back to a time when animals were worshipped as deities and Hera was a sacred cow? Was Homer himself even dimly conscious of this when he used the adjective? No, the use and translation of the epithet will have to be based on a much more timeless assumption—that cows have beautiful eyes, and that a majority of readers either think so themselves, or can at least imagine (without a footnote) how someone else may think so.

And so we cross the line between the possible and the impossible and come to such an expression as "the fence of your teeth." The first occurrence is in the fourth book, when Odysseus asks Agamemnon, who has just charged him with laxness, "What word has escaped the fence of your teeth?" It is an expression that well remembers that words are "winged," but for us it calls too much atten-

tion to the teeth, and will work only in abnormal situations where we wish to do precisely that, as Tennyson did when he wrote, in "The Last Tournament," of a man who has been assaulted "sputtering thro' the hedge of splinter'd teeth" (where "splinter'd" makes all the difference). (It is interesting to note Milton's version—*Paradise Lost*, IX, 1144: "What words have passed thy lips?") Our prose translator must compromise. "What word has caught you off guard?" is about as close as he can come.

That is exactly what the translator should ask himself as he reviews his work. "What word has caught you off guard?" He must control connotations. His task calls for vigilance through hundreds of pages—anyone can get isolated passages right. As Butler inadvertently teaches us, he must take at least as much care of the prose he writes in collaboration with the poet as he would of his his original prose. He has no such excuse as Smith and Miller had for their mélange of diction, for his strain is not that of attempting to dole out Homer, line by line, in English "dactylic hexameters." One unkind (and unfair) review of that foredoomed venture (foredoomed metrically, I mean, but it is an impressive *tour de force*, and actually more literal than Butler) did little more than quote what Diomedes is reported by Smith and Miller to have said to Sthenelus: "Buddy, sit thee in silence!" But even T. E. Lawrence, though probably the best translator Homer has had since Bryant, is not impeccable. He has Odysseus speak as follows about the sacking of a city of the Cicones: "Their wives and wealth we took and divided precisely, so that no one of us, through me, should go short of his just share. I suggested then that we all flee, hot-foot." The guard should have crashed down on "hot-foot." Almost anything—including the obvious "quickly"—would be better than "hot-foot." No style at all is better than the grossly wrong style.

That prose translation which is close, without being eccentric, will have taken a long stride to being good. Indeed, the rest can safely be left to Homer.

"SNIPING THE CLASSICS"

BY WAY OF AMPLIFICATION and correction, Professor Dorrance S. White, editor of our "Trends and Events," has forwarded a letter which he has received from Mr. George H. Lucas.

Readers will recall that in his column for January, 1950 (Page 162), Professor White protested against "Sniping (at) the Classics." Mr. Lucas' explanation of his own position is set forth in the letter which follows.

"After reading your article entitled 'Sniping (at) the Classics' I have decided to write you with the purpose of clarifying my position.

"In the first place, I did not write the article in the *Pathfinder* and do not approve of the way used by their editor to 'attack' other classicists who may cling to the old traditional methods of Latin teaching. My only connection with the article is that I gave *Pathfinder* magazine my consent to publicize the fact that I am trying out the 'New Method' in my classes at Bordentown.

"I am still very much in favor of substituting the reading of Vergil's *Aeneid* for that of Caesar's *Gallic War* in the second year. I am convinced that this can be accomplished with satisfactory results.

"However, I am sorry that the *Pathfinder* article has caused any bad feeling and possible misunderstanding concerning my part in it.

"May I say that I, too, am devoted to the study of the Classics, having studied under such instructors as professors Capps, Johnson, and Duckworth of Princeton and Dr. Wilbur Carr, formerly of Columbia Teachers College."

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) George H. Lucas

—In our May issue

"ATHENS ALBUM"

Courtesy of ARCHAEOLOGY

Not a demigod—
But a Miles Gloriosus

Heracles and Iolaus

S. E. Smethurst

Part II

LET US NOW TURN to the *Heracleidae* which was just written possibly ten years before the *Hercules Furens*⁶ and in which, as might be expected, the satire is less pointed than in many of Euripides' later plays, where he shows such a deep suspicion of the state and society. At the opening of the *Heracleidae* Iolaus is discovered with the sons of Heracles clinging to the altar before the temple of Zeus at Marathon. Hounded by Eurystheus they have fled to Attica. Alcmena and her daughters are inside the temple, while Hyllus, we are told, has gone to seek another refuge, should the Athenians fail them. Kopreus, the Argive herald, enters and, despite the protest of the Chorus, is about to drag Iolaus away. The herald is foiled by Demophon, the Athenian king who promises protection to Iolaus and the *Heracleidae*, even at the risk of war with Argos.

The protagonist, Iolaus, appears as a feeble, ineffectual old man whose sole claim to fame is his partnership with Heracles, an association of which he several times reminds us. "I," he tells us (vv. 7-9), "who might have dwelt quietly in Argos, yet partook of more of Heracles' labours than any man besides." He is "the companion of Heracles, myself a man not unrenowned" (v. 89), who accompanied the hero as his shield-bearer on his expedition after the belt of Hippolyte, and when he ravaged Sparta (vv. 214, 742). His awestruck admiration of Heracles is that of an incredibly stupid old man who by his praise of his hero can gratify to the full his own self-esteem. Even when he offers to die in Macaria's place, Iolaus cannot refrain from pointing out, with smug satisfaction, that "Eurystheus would be delighted to take me,

the comrade of Heracles, to maltreat me" (vv. 456-457). In fact, how can man die better than when illumined by the reflected glory of another man's fame?

Nobility and Snobbery

IOLAUS IS ALSO A SNOB who possesses all the Greek aristocrat's veneration for noble birth. One reader, at least, cannot help feeling that while Iolaus is risking his life by defending Heracles' children, the imminence of death brings with it certain social compensations. It is true that when Iolaus is begging help from Demophon, he is sensible to remind the Athenian leader of his kinship with the children of Heracles. But need Iolaus roll the names of Pittheus, Pelops, Aethra, Zeus and the rest so trippingly off his tongue? As he explains later to Demophon (vv. 297 ff.), there is no more glorious honour than to be born of noble birth which "wards off misfortune better than low descent." And why? Because noble birth serves, as it were, as an aristocratic trades' union: men of high degree stick together. By promising aid Demophon has lived up to Iolaus' expectations. Indeed, the old man is not satisfied merely to praise his benefactor to his face. He is careful to point out that, when he is walking in the Elysian Fields (as he is sure he will), he will inform Theseus how Demophon has kept alive the family honour. Demophon has restored his faith in human nature: so few men nowadays are not inferior to their fathers (v. 328).

So far in the play Iolaus might be any garrulous old man who has a tendency to dwell on the past and a somewhat naive belief in the manifest virtues of noble birth. But Euripides quickly sharpens the vague outline of Iolaus'

character. Demophon returns to announce that an oracle has declared that the Heracleidae can only be saved by the sacrifice of the daughter of a noble man. He refuses to slay an Athenian girl and suggests that Iolaus find a solution to the problem. The old man does so. He steps forward and offers himself for sacrifice. Indeed, a strange and inferior substitute for a maiden! Demophon, who is himself not overblessed with intelligence, treats this offer with more respect than it deserves, but gently points out the difficulties. Macaria comes out of the palace and modestly proposes herself for sacrifice. Blood will tell, observes Iolaus approvingly. She has acted with the nobility that one would expect from a daughter of the divine Heracles. But no! He cannot accept her selfless devotion. The daughters must draw lots to decide who will die. Iolaus is in no danger, so he can afford to be detached about the problem. Nevertheless, when Macaria persists in her resolution, he needs but little persuading. The speech which Euripides maliciously puts into his mouth is among the most damning pieces of characterization that the playwright ever wrote. "I do not bid you," says Iolaus (vv. 556-557), "nor do I forbid you to die, my child: but you will benefit your brothers by dying." But Euripides still has not finished with Iolaus. When Macaria shows her only sign of fear—a subtle touch of the dramatist—and asks to be sacrificed by his hand, Iolaus has not the courage to comply with her last request.

The scene is truly tragic. The mean-spirited Iolaus, who considers words to be an adequate substitute for action, will live. By a supreme irony, Macaria, a girl of simple dignity and worth, will go to her death firmly convinced of her father's greatness⁷ and of the wisdom of the unworthy Iolaus. "Fare thee well, old man," she says (vv. 574-576), "and teach these children to be even as thee, wise in all respects." Yet Macaria is intelligent. Unlike Iolaus, she is well aware of the futility of their present mode of life in which they are hounded from city to city. "It were more noble to fall into the hands of the enemy after the capture of the city . . . and to see Hades.

Shall I be driven from this land to live a wanderer? And shall I not feel shame, if some man says, 'Why have you come here with suppliant branches, yourselves too fond of life?'" Nor does she entertain extravagant illusions about the future life. Whereas Iolaus looks forward to an afterlife of social distinction among the élite of the Elysian Fields, Macaria's hope is that death is nothingness. She has no desire for posthumous fame. "The greatest glory is to leave life gloriously" (v. 534). Unwittingly, for she cannot see Iolaus as he really is, Macaria has condemned the guardian she reveres.

Change of Atmosphere

THE ATMOSPHERE of the play, which has so far been at once tragic and satirical, now changes.⁸ Hyllus' servant enters to announce the news of his master's unexpected arrival. Aroused by the outcry Alcmena hurries out of the palace, mistakes the slave for a servant of Eurystheus and prepares to defend her children. Her misunderstanding is natural, but Euripides, with deadly effect, gives to the situation a touch of that grim humour in which he excels. Alcmena's entrance provides a not too awkward transition to the scene that follows. We are no longer on the tragic plane. Now that Hyllus' army has arrived to turn the scale, Iolaus suddenly blossoms forth as the hero he has always imagined himself to be and declares his intention of taking part in the impending battle. In such a bizarre situation the slave shows laudable tolerance of an old man's whim. He gently humours Iolaus, and when the old man seems determined to fight, suggests that he carry his arms to the battlefield, leading him like a child, and then array him there. Alcmena is more forthright. Iolaus is out of his mind, she says disgustedly. But Iolaus is determined: this is his chance to show his mettle. He laments the loss of his former strength: in his youth he would, he declares, have made short work of the cowardly Eurystheus. Then he totters off to do battle.

After a short choral interlude, a slave arrives to announce the victory. He has excit-

ing news to tell. A miracle has taken place. Iolaus has been rejuvenated: "He has changed from an old man to a young man again." When, however, the slave describes the battle, it turns out that actually he only witnessed the victory of the Athenians and their allies. The episode of Iolaus' rejuvenation he learned at second hand. Iolaus, it appears, grasped the reigns of Hyllus' chariot and then "two stars standing on the horse-chariot concealed it in a dim cloud: it was thy son and Hebe, so say wiser men than I" (vv. 855-857). The chariot sped through the battle-line to catch Eurystheus at the Scironian rocks, where Iolaus bound him.

The slave is non-committal. He never expresses the personal belief that Heracles appeared to aid Iolaus. The description of the supposed epiphany of Heracles suggests the hysterical imaginings of a disordered brain. How could two stars conceal the chariot in a dim cloud?⁹ Moreover, even if we disregard for the moment the implication that Heracles' appearance from heaven is an hallucination, we cannot fail to observe that Iolaus does not perform his feat until the battle has been won and the Argives turned to flight (v. 842). The old man did nothing except climb on to Hyllus' chariot and, possibly, capture and fetter Eurystheus by the Scironian rocks. We cannot even be sure of the binding. That may have been Hyllus' doing. Neither Hyllus or Iolaus reappear, for the play ends with Alcmena's spiteful gloating over the prostrate Eurystheus. Even though for reasons of dramatic economy Euripides could not introduce Iolaus in the last scene,¹⁰ he would certainly have made Eurystheus refer to his capture by Iolaus, had it not been the dramatist's intention to imply that the whole incident is imaginary. For if we were expected to take the story seriously, surely no dramatist, while in his right mind, would depict his "hero" in such a ridiculous guise immediately before he sets out to perform his *aristeia*?

Dramatic Technique

WE ARE NOW ABLE to account for, if not to excuse, the lapse in dramatic technique caused by the arrival of Hyllus' army. The main theme of the play is the exposure of Iolaus

and, by implication, of Heracles. Yet how, with the legendary material that he had to work with, could Euripides make plain the point which he wishes to drive home? Even though Iolaus gives way to utter despair while there appears to be no hope of safety for him and the Heracleidae, even though he is willing to endanger the lives and fortunes of the Athenians to further his own cause, it might seem to many observers that Iolaus had no other resource. Therefore, without preparation Euripides introduces Hyllus' army so that Iolaus, a coward, may be induced to perform prodigious feats of daring—once all danger is removed. In brief, Hyllus plays a part which in other plays is assigned to the *deus ex machina*. Only by this sudden reversal of fortune could the dramatist bring into the clearest relief the fact of Iolaus' essential cowardice and futility.

Our impression then of Iolaus is that of a garrulous old man, regretfully casting back to the great age of Heracles and Theseus, himself a poor imitation of the hero he venerates with such credulity. He is a sham and a coward who, because there are many even more stupid than he, finally gains a reputation for valour to which he has no real claim. If our previous interpretation of Heracles' character is sound, Iolaus is, we feel, the sort of man that Heracles might well have become, had he lived to a ripe old age.¹¹ Kopreus, the Argive herald, puts the matter concisely and invidiously when he describes Iolaus as a "mere tomb," for whose sake and that of the Heracleidae Demophon is going to "set foot in the bilge-water" (v. 168).

Dislike of Athletes

To summarise the argument so far: it is the writer's contention that dislike of the athlete was present in Euripides' mind from the time when he wrote his earliest extant work. To Euripides, the career of Heracles and Iolaus provided the most legendary example of this useless form of existence. We may distinguish three stages in the playwright's delineation of this type of tragic hero. In the *Alkestis* Euripides is feeling his way. He is inexperienced, unsure of himself and his genius. Moreover the play was writ-

ten about 438 B.C., when Pericles was still the Athenian leader and the war that was to mean the spiritual ruin of Athenian democracy was not yet begun. It is a happy play, though a dull one, in which the dramatist is content to poke fun at the swashbuckling Heracles and the self-righteous Admetus. When the *Heracleidae* was written, however, the happy days of Athens were gone. Euripides, reflecting the time he lives in, is more sceptical and more outspoken. Even so, despite his exposure of Iolaus and of the Heracles-myth, Euripides still leaves a loophole for the credulous who must believe in the story of the hero's apotheosis. In the *Hercules Furens* there is no such loophole. Out of his own mouth Heracles stands condemned as a megalomaniac who has persuaded himself that he has performed all the miraculous feats attributed to him by dull-wits such as Iolaus. Heracles is still the athlete but Euripides' portrait is now fuller and more complex.

For Euripides' mind was too comprehensive in its interests for him to be content with the exposition of a single theme. Accordingly, while the main theme both of the *Heracleidae* and the *Hercules Furens* are concerned with the athletic hero and hero-worship, there are underlying motifs: the hero in relation to the state, especially the Athenian state as represented by Demophon and Theseus, and the hero in relation to religious tradition.

In the *Heracleidae* Demophon cuts but a poor figure, despite Iolaus' praise of him and Athens. To the argument of Kopreus that Argives have a perfect right to punish their own citizens, when condemned, Demophon's reply would certainly win the approval of the Athenian "gallery." It would be impious for the king of Athens, he says, to allow suppliants to be torn from Zeus' altar. Submission to force is unthinkable in a free country (vv. 244-245). Yet what happens in this "free country"? After rashly promising to champion the *Heracleidae* Demophon almost immediately tries to evade the consequences of his temerity. As soon as he learns from an oracle that to insure victory he must sacrifice a virgin of noble birth, despite all his fine protestations, he goes back on his promise. He cannot risk civil war, he points out: he

must be careful not to provoke the enmity of his citizens. He is no barbarian despot, holding absolute sovereignty over a subject people (vv. 418 ff.). Iolaus must seek a solution for himself.

And who are the suppliants whom Demophon is protecting? They are the ancestors of the very people with whom the Athenians were engaged in a struggle for life or death at the very time when the play was being performed. Alcmena is a worthy ancestress of the Spartans in her cold ferocity and legalistic quibbling, as Eurystheus points out at the end of the play (vv. 1034-1036): "(I shall) be most hostile to their descendants, whenever they come here with great violence, repaying you for this kindness: such guests do you now defend."

Euripides has pointed the moral, but he does not draw it to its logical conclusion. It may be that, when he wrote the play, he had not yet conceived that deep suspicion of the state which colours much of his later work. Certainly, the reader cannot but feel that, despite his criticism of Demophon, the dramatist is in accord with the patriotism so nobly expressed by the Chorus (vv. 353 ff., 748 ff.) whose sincerity is in such marked contrast to Iolaus' fulsome praise. So Euripides allows the Athenians a face-saver. Although Demophon and his citizens have protected the forebears of their enemies, the consequences of this rashness will not be entirely ruinous. As a local Athenian hero, Eurystheus after his death will enable them to avoid to a certain extent the results of their folly.

There is no uncertainty or ambiguity in the *Hercules Furens*. The play is not only an attack on the Heracles-legend, but also on religious credulity, that of the Athenians in particular. Theseus, the greatest Athenian king, is comrade to a man who has proved to be an imposter and to whom, nevertheless, the Athenians will pay divine honours. Again, as he had done with Iolaus in the *Heracleidae*, Euripides drives his point home by the comic exchange between Heracles and Theseus. So, as the two men leave the stage, the grandiloquent Heracles and Theseus, he who was "less than any man in courage," Euripides is not simply bringing another play to an end.

He is also, whether he knew it or not, giving promise of a new type of drama. The theme of the *Hercules Furens* is the transfiguration of Heracles, and Heracles has in truth been transfigured. For Euripides has portrayed for the Athenians not a demi-god, but a miles gloriosus.

NOTES

⁶ The *Hercules Furens* is generally assigned to a date circa 420 B.C.

⁷ Cf. vv. 509, 563.

⁸ No reference is made to the actual sacrifice of Macaria, except possibly in vv. 819-822. Most critics assume that a scene describing her death have been lost.

⁹ The slave's words "wiser men than I" can be interpreted differently. *Sophoteroi* may mean "men who are too clever," or, to use a slang expression, "smart alecs."

¹⁰ The protagonist played the roles of both Iolaus and Eurystheus.

¹¹ It is worth noting that Iolaus' life as a wanderer hounded from place to place by Eurystheus anticipates that which Heracles, while sane, envisions to himself, if he chooses to live after the murder of his children (*H.F.* vv. 1285 ff.).

CAMWS—1950 PROGRAM MEMPHIS, MARCH 29-31

In connection with the program for the Forty-Seventh Annual Meeting of the Classical Association of the Middle West and South, Memphis, Tennessee, March 29, 30, 31, 1951, the President has requested CJ to publish the following announcement:

The President will entertain, from any member of the Association, proposals for papers to be presented at the annual meeting in Memphis. Such proposals must be submitted before November 15. Since some papers will be prepared by invitation, as in the past, only a limited number of unsolicited papers can be considered; and the President must reserve the right to decline any papers, even though in some cases his action may seem arbitrary to the writers.

The President, Professor Clarence A. Forbes, may be addressed c/o the Department of Classical Languages and Literature, the Ohio State University, Columbus 10, Ohio.

THE CONSCIENCE IN ANTIQUITY

FARRAND SAYRE
BALTIMORE, MD.

IT IS PROBABLE that the ancient Greek myth of the Furies (*Erinyes*) had its origin in a conception of a reproachful conscience. The fact that the Furies were also called *Eumenides* shows that they were thought to be capable of approval and commendations. They were evidently credited with a standard of right and wrong.

Aeschylus represented Clytemnestra as saying in reference to her murder of her husband:

"Voices of reproachful blame to me in dreams that came
Smote me like a charioteer with scourge grasped tight,"

(*Eumenides* 150).

Ioannes Stobaeus has the following: "Bias, being asked what were the conditions of a life without fear, said, 'An upright conscience'" (*Flor.*, 1. 25. 11); "Periander, being asked what is freedom, said, 'A good conscience'" (*Flor.*, 1. 25. 12). In the *Florilegium Monacense* we find: "Bias, being asked what was most free from fear in life, said, 'A good conscience'" (25). Bias and Periander were among the Seven Wise Men of ancient Greece.

Plato represents a young Thessalian, Meno, as asking Socrates whether virtue is "acquired by teaching or practice" or whether "it comes to man by nature." Socrates thinks that before taking up this question they should inquire what virtue is. Meno asks how we can recognize a correct definition of virtue, even if we find one, if we do not know what it is. Socrates replies with a myth; he has heard a tradition that we knew, in a former state, more than we now know; we have forgotten most of our former knowledge but, if we hear a statement of something we then knew, it will awaken our recollection of it (*Meno*,

81-82). The operation of what we call intuition is similar to recollection and Plato appears here to be explaining intuition by means of an analogy. Socrates' reply may be understood as: "By intuition; if we find a good definition of virtue we will intuitively recognize it as such"; and his reply to the original question appears to be that virtue (or at least our knowledge of it) "comes to man by nature." Socrates had a daimon which admonished him when he was doing wrong and we recognize in this what we call the conscience and which we may define as "religious and moral intuition." During his trial he said, "Men of Athens, I honor and love you, but I shall obey God rather than you" (*Apology*, 29). His knowledge of the will of God evidently came to him by intuition. When he received no admonition from his daimon he inferred that he had its approval (*Apology*, 31 and 40). In the *Republic* Plato represents Socrates as insisting that a just man, even though unfortunate, is happier than an unjust man, even though the latter is prosperous, and he seems to have in mind that the just man has the approval of his conscience while the unjust man has not. Socrates credited all men with good will and held that misdeeds resulted from ignorance. His "mid-wife" method of instruction consisted in directing the attention of the student to a certain question by suggestive questioning and trusting to the student's intuition to grasp the desired principle. His theory of ideas or forms rested entirely on intuition.

Aristotle is inconsistent on this subject: he writes: "Neither by nature or contrary to nature do the virtues arise in us; rather we are adapted by nature to receive them and are made perfect by habit" (*Nic. Ethics*, 1103a25) and: "We ought to have been brought up in a particular way from our very youth, as Plato says, so as both to delight in and to be pained by the things that we ought; for this is the right education" (*Nic. Ethics*, 1104b11). In the passage here referred to, Plato mentions "the first instincts of virtue in children" (*Laws*, 658); he seems to have recognized a developing conscience in children, but he recommended that it be directed and trained by

proper education. On the other hand Aristotle says, "Virtuous actions must be in themselves pleasant" (*Nic. Ethics*, 1099a20) and he does not limit the application of this statement to those who have had "right education" nor tell what there is in us which recognizes virtuous actions when we perform them and causes us to experience pleasure on account of them. And he says: "The bad man does not seem to be amicably disposed even to himself because there is nothing in him to love; so that if to be thus is the height of wretchedness, we should strain every nerve to avoid wickedness" (*Nic. Ethics*, 1166b25). But Aristotle does not explain why he cannot love himself or why he should be wretched. He seems here to assume the existence of the conscience. He says also: "Universal law is the law of nature. For there really is, as every one to some extent divines, a natural justice and injustice that is binding on all men, even on those who have no association or covenant with each other" and he quotes Sophocles and Empedocles in support of this opinion (*Rhetorica* 1373b6). This idea of a universal moral law, known to all men irrespective of education, corresponds in a great measure to the ordinary conception of the conscience.

The Greek Stoics believed that, "The notions of justice and goodness come by nature" (Diogenes Laertius, 7. 52) and W. W. Tarn credits them with the discovery of the conscience (*Hellenistic Civilization*, p. 275), but a faculty which was in the range of perception of every man must have been recognized earlier.

Cicero said: "Milo returned to Rome with mind stainless and untarnished, with no taint of crime, confounded by no guilty terrors, gentlemen, great for bliss or for bane. It makes the innocent fearless, while it haunts the sinner with the ever present vision of retribution" (*Defense of Milo*, 23. 61). Cicero wrote: "You may think that my discourse lends authority to sin; and you would be justified in so thinking, were not an innocent or guilty conscience so powerful a force in itself, without the assumption of any divine design. Destroy this and everything collapses; for just as a household or a state appears to lack

all rational system and order if in it there are no rewards for right conduct and no punishments for transgressions, so there is no such thing at all as the divine government of the world if that government makes no distinction between the good and the wicked" (*De Natura Deorum*, 3. 35. 85). He wrote also: "See what deep philosophy there is in this other sentiment of mine. 'In all one's life one ought not to stray a nail's breadth from the straight path of conscience'" (*Letters to Atticus*, 13. 20). Also: "I cannot follow my old way of life and employment, nor do I think about that. My own conscience is more to me than all their talk" (*Ibid.*, 12. 28. 2). Cicero credited the conscience with the triple function of guiding, rewarding and punishing and regarded it as a natural faculty. Cicero proved that reason contains no element of morality and is distinct from the conscience (*De Natura Deorum*, 3. 26-31).

Seneca wrote: "God is near you, he is with you, he is within you . . . A holy spirit indwells within us, one who marks our good and bad deeds and is our guardian. As we treat this spirit, so we are treated by it. Indeed, no man can be good without the help of God . . . He it is that gives noble and upright counsel" (*Epistulae*, 51); "Cast about you for some good which will abide; but there can be no such good except as the soul discovers it for itself within itself. Virtue alone affords everlasting and peace-giving joy" (*Epist.* 27); "I will do nothing because of opinion, everything because of conscience. . . . Whenever Nature demands my breath again, I will quit this life, calling all to witness that I have loved a good conscience and good pursuits" (*De Vita Beata*, 20). Seneca conceived of the conscience as a divine agency, a guide capable of rewarding and punishing.

Epictetus insisted that all men possess freedom of will: he said: "God has placed me with myself and has put my will in obedience to myself alone and has given me rules for the right use of it" (*Discourses*, 4. 12). These rules evidently came to him by intuition. Also "God has assigned to each man a director, his own good genius, and committed him to its care, a director which never sleeps and cannot

be deceived. To what better, more careful guardian could he have committed us?" (1. 14). Here the conscience is a guide but he also says that progress toward virtue is progress toward happiness (1. 4). He said: "The Cynic's ruling faculty must be purer than the sun . . . To kings and tyrants their guards and arms give the power of reproving some persons and punishing those who do wrong; but to a Cynic . . . it is conscience which gives this power" (3. 22). This refers to the punitive function of the conscience; the wise man whom he calls a Cynic (with but little fitness) is described as arousing the consciences of wrongdoers.

Juvenal wrote: "Why should you deem those to have escaped scot-free whom their minds, laden with a sense of guilt, keeps in constant terror and lashes with a viewless thong. Conscience, as their tormentor, brandishes a scourge unseen in human eyes. Nay, awful indeed is their punishment, and far more terrible even than those which the sanguinary Caeditius invents, or Rhadamanthus, in bearing night and day in one's own breast a witness against one's self" (*Satires*, 13). Juvenal mentions only the punitive element of the conscience.

Marcus Aurelius Antoninus wrote: "It is sufficient (for a man) to attend to the conscience within him, and to reverence it sincerely. And reverence to the conscience consists in keeping it pure from passion and thoughtlessness and dissatisfaction with what comes from gods and men" (*Thoughts*, 2. 13); "Let the deity which is in thee be the guardian of a living being, manly and of a ripe age" (3. 6); "It is peculiar to the good man . . . not to defile the divinity which is planted in his breast nor disturb it by a crowd of images, but to preserve it tranquil, following it obediently as a god, neither saying anything contrary to the truth, nor doing anything contrary to justice" (3. 16); "It is in my power never to act contrary to my God and my conscience, for there is no man who will compel me to do this" (5. 10); "Live with the gods. And he does live with the gods who constantly shows to them that his own soul is satisfied with that which is assigned to him,

and that it does all that the conscience wishes, which God has given to every man for his guardian and guide, a portion of Himself" (5. 27). Marcus Aurelius believed that the conscience was a faculty belonging to all men, that it was divine and that it serves us as a guide. He also says, in other passages, that virtue brings happiness and tranquility and that wrongdoing causes a man to be wretched.

The emperor Julian spoke of "Those laws which have been as it were engraved on our souls by the gods and have impelled us all to believe without teaching that the divine exists, and to direct our eyes to it and to yearn toward it" (*Oratio*, 7. 209). This is akin to Aristotle's conception of a universal moral law known to all men, and both are analogous to the ordinary conception of the conscience.

The passages quoted above show different conceptions of the conscience but the similarities outweigh the differences. Some writers, e.g. Seneca and Marcus Aurelius, attribute divinity to the conscience; others, e.g. Cicero and probably Epictetus, regarded it as a natural faculty like vision and hearing. The attribution of divinity would carry with it the presumption that it is infallible; this is more than can reasonably be claimed, because men's actions are sometimes prompted by a mistaken sense of duty or based on misconceptions.

SUMMER INSTITUTE AT WILLIAM AND MARY

THE TWELFTH ANNUAL Institute on the Teaching of Latin at the College of William and Mary will be held for three weeks between June 26 and July 15.

The work of the Institute will be the same as heretofore; including lectures and discussions upon curriculum construction and procedures; lectures and discussions upon techniques of Latin instruction, together with observation of their ap-

plication in a demonstration class; drills in the reading and oral use of Latin; and an afternoon workshop for developing projects based on the particular needs and interests of individual members of the workshop.

The Institute will be directed by Professors A. P. Wagener and George J. Ryan of the College of William and Mary. The visiting instructor in charge of conducting the work in techniques of instruction will be Dr. Lenore Geweke, recent Director of the Latin Project of the American Council of Learned Societies who is now pursuing graduate study in Education (field of curriculum) at the University of Chicago. The visiting lecturer will be Professor Alexander D. Fraser of the University of Virginia. A special bulletin describing the work of the Institute is available on request.

Courses in addition to the Institute to be given this summer will be "Elementary Greek," "Greek Civilization and Its Heritage," and advanced guided reading in selected fields of Roman literature which may be counted toward the A.M. degree.

CANE OFFICERS 1950-51

AT THE FORTY-FOURTH Annual Meeting of the Classical Association of New England, held at Wheaton College, Norton, Massachusetts, March 31 and April 1, 1950, the following were elected officers for 1950-51: *President*, Professor William C. Greene of Harvard University; *Vice-President*, Miss Margaret H. Croft of the Crosby High School, Waterbury, Conn.; *Secretary-Treasurer and Representative on the Council of the American Classical League*, Professor F. Stuart Crawford of Boston University; *additional members of the Executive Committee*, Professor Barbara P. McCarthy of Wellesley College, Mr. Norman L. Hatch of Phillips Exeter Academy, Professor Eunice Work of Wheaton College, and Mr. Francis L. Jones of State Teachers College, Worcester, Mass.

It was voted to accept the cordial invitation of Trinity College to hold the next Annual Meeting there on March 30-31, 1951.

FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING, CAMWS, MEMPHIS, MARCH 29-31, 1951

THE DEATH OF ARCHIMEDES

KAREL CHALEK

Ed. Note.—We are indebted to Dr. Robert E. Lane of the University of Tennessee for sending us the following material. Dr. Lane writes:

"In the Soviet Russian magazine Ogonëk, January 1950, No. 1, appeared a fable of the death of Archimedes, translated into Russian from the original Czech. Being currently engaged in teaching beginning Russian, as well as Classics, and believing that the story might be as entertaining to readers of THE CLASSICAL JOURNAL as it was to me, I have translated it into English.

"The implications of the fable as political propaganda are of especial interest. To the Soviet reader, of course, the imperialists to be equated with the Romans would be the Americans. But the American reader is quite as easily reminded of imperialistic tendencies of the U.S.S.R. The point of view of the original Czech author must remain in doubt; perhaps he saw a threat from both sides!"

THE STORY of Archimedes did not occur as is written at all. Although it is true that he was killed when the Romans took Syracuse, it is not true that the Roman soldier stole into the house to take him prisoner, and that Archimedes, immersed in the drawing of some geometric figures, grumbled and growled: "Look out, don't disturb my circles!"

In the first place, Archimedes was simply not an absent-minded scholar who did not know what happened around him. On the contrary, he was an inborn soldier and invented for Syracuse a military machine to defend the city. In the second place, this Roman soldier was definitely not a drunken marauder, but the enlightened and ambitious captain Lucius, who served on a staff and knew with whom he had business. He appeared, not to take Archimedes prisoner, but greeted him in a military fashion on the threshold and said: "Hail, Archimedes!"

Archimedes raised his head from the wax tablet on which he was in fact drawing something, and said: "What is it?"

"Archimedes," replied Lucius to him, "we

know that without your military machines the Syracusans would not have resisted even a month. But we have had to exert ourselves over them two whole years. Don't think that we as soldiers cannot appraise this. Magnificent machines! Congratulations!"

Archimedes waved his hand. "Please! There is nothing peculiar about them. They are ordinary projectile mechanisms. Simply child's play. From a scientific point of view nothing interesting."

"But from a military, very much so," Lucius interrupted him. "Listen, Archimedes, I came to you to propose that you work with us."

"With whom?"

"With us, with the Romans. You must at any rate see that the affairs of Carthage are in a bad way. Who can help her? We shall soon take Carthage. You will see. You should all have gone with us."

"Why?" objected Archimedes. "We are Syracusans, Greeks. Why should we go with you?"

"Because you live in Sicily, and we need Sicily."

"But why do you?"

"In order to be master of the Mediterranean Sea."

"Well!" murmured Archimedes and thoughtfully glanced at his tablet. "But why do you want this?"

"Whoever rules over the Mediterranean Sea," answered Lucius, "is the ruler of the whole world. Is that clear?"

"But then you must be the masters of the whole world?"

"Yes. It is destined from on high for Rome to become master of the whole world. And I tell you that it will be."

"Possibly," said Archimedes, and erased something on the wax tablet. "But I do not advise you to do this, Lucius. Rule over the world costs a cruel struggle. I'm sorry for those troubles which will be necessary for you on this account."

"All the same, we will be a great empire."

"A famous empire," repeated Archimedes. "Whether I draw a small circle or a large one, it will remain a circle all the same. Even if

you become a great empire, you will never live without boundaries, Lucius. Do you think that a large circle is more perfect than a small one? Or that you will be a better geometer, if you draw a large circle?"

"You Greeks are continually playing with arguments," objected Captain Lucius. "But we will demonstrate our rightness otherwise."

"How?"

"By action. In the first place, we have conquered Syracuse. This means that Syracuse belongs to us. Is the demonstration clear?"

"Yes," answered Archimedes, touching his head with his stylus. "So you have conquered Syracuse. But it is already not the same Syracuse, and never will be, as it was until now. It was a large, famous city, but now it will never be great. Alas for Syracuse!"

"But Rome will be famous. Rome must be the strongest in the whole world."

"Why?"

"In order to maintain her position. The stronger we are, the more enemies we have. Therefore it is necessary for us to be the strongest."

"As for what concerns strength," said Archimedes, "I am to some extent a physicist, Lucius, and I will tell you something. Strength is weight."

"What does that mean?"

"It is a physical law, Lucius. Every body, submerged in liquid, loses as much of its weight as the water displaced by it weighs. The stronger you become, the more strength will be required of you. And sometime the minute will come . . ."

"What do you mean to say by this?"

"Why, nothing. I am not a prophet, I am altogether a physicist. Strength is weight. I don't know anything more."

"Listen, Archimedes, don't you want to work with us? You can't imagine what possibilities would open before you in Rome. You would invent the strongest military machines in the world . . ."

"Excuse me, Lucius, I am an old man, and I should like yet to work out one or two problems. As you see, I am just drawing

something."

"Archimedes, doesn't the possibility of obtaining mastery of the world with us attract you? Why are you silent?"

"Excuse me," murmured Archimedes, bending over his tablet. "What did you say?"

"Such a man as you might obtain mastery of the world with us."

"Well . . . mastery of the world," remarked Archimedes thoughtfully. "Don't be angry, Lucius, but I have something a little more important. Something more lasting, that in very fact will be preserved in eternity."

"But what is that?"

"Look out, don't disturb my circles! It is the formula for the calculation of the sector of the square."

Later the report spread that the scholar Archimedes died by accident.

We See By the Papers. . . .

Edited by William C. Salyer

OUR CLIPPINGS for this month show an interesting prevalence of editorial appreciation and support of the Classics and classical education.

The Baltimore SUN of January 1 referred to a discussion which formed part of the program of the joint meeting in Baltimore of the Archaeological Institute of America and the American Philological Association, on the question of drawing lessons for the present from Greek history. Steering clear of the controversy over whether history repeats, the writer affirmed that "he is a dull man indeed who doesn't warm to the evidence that the words he speaks, the philosophies he practices, the beauties he enjoys, all root in older times." Pericles' democracy, Homer's love of country, the Roman themes of Vergil, Catullus and Horace hold for him "a wonderful golden glow," as of a glass of sherry held to the light. (Contributed by Professor W. E. Gwatkin, Jr., of the University of Missouri.)

Writing in the Louisville TIMES in January, the former editor Tom Wallace reported with enthusiasm on a banquet of the American Classical League which he attended at Miami University, Oxford, Ohio. He was impressed with the

fluent Latin of a New England business man, whose jocular talk was understood and returned by the Latin teachers seated near him. And he commented on the address of the evening by Sir Alfred Zimmern, "Greece and Rome Viewed from the Atomic Age," and on various views of the live values of the supposedly dead languages which he picked up in the course of the evening. Miss Mary Stewart Duerson of the J. M. Atherton High School for Girls, Louisville, sent us this editorial.

An editorial "On Quoting Latin" appeared in the Canadian weekly SATURDAY NIGHT January 17, for which we are indebted to Mr. John M. Cowan of Westdale Secondary School, Hamilton, Ontario. Citing an observation that Lord Wavell addressing the Canadian Club in Ottawa "was able to quote Virgil in Latin," the writer thought it less remarkable that he was able than that he had the courage to do so in that company. He added, "We know a lot of good Canadian speakers who could quote Virgil in Latin until 'sol crescentes decedens duplicat umbras,' but they are afraid to do it, partly because nobody would understand them, the *profanum vulgus* having long since ceased to learn how to decline *mensa*, and partly because they fear (probably rightly) that they would be thought to be advertising their superior education. Nobody hates like your *novus homo* to be reminded that there are things which he did not have time to learn while he was making his fortune."

Mr. Morris Rosenblum of the Samuel J. Tilden High School in Brooklyn has sent us a column from the New York HERALD TRIBUNE of January 15 in which the early morning chores on a Vermont farm in January are equated with the *antelucana* of Varro. The location of the kitchen in a farm home is important, Varro pointed out, "because some things are done there in winter before daylight." And although the writer feels that the farmer's life in ancient Italy must have been more idyllic than in Vermont, he concludes that "the 'before-light' chores to which a farmer goes out from a lighted kitchen and a lighted stove, are the same sort of chores which Virgil, perhaps, knew on hillsides around Mantua, when the world, considerably younger, was no less of a living, moving wonder, and he waited for the sun to rise."

A featured column in the Columbus (Ohio) DISPATCH of February 8 gives an account of a forum held by the Columbus Latin Club, in which a college student, a high-school mathematics teacher, a lawyer, and a college professor

of Spanish testified to the value and importance of Latin. The advantages of Latin study cited ranged from its practical contribution to English vocabulary, to the less tangible claims of mental training and the personal satisfactions of increased sensibility and awareness of culture. Thanks to Professor Clarence A. Forbes of Ohio State University.

OUR CONTRIBUTIONS range from the editorials to the comics, in which latter category are two clippings from Lt. Col. S. G. Brady of Asheville, N.C. In a cartoon, "Side Glances" by Galbraith, a studious schoolboy asks his father, stretched at ease, "Pop, if you were so crazy about Greek when you were in high school, how come you switched to detective stories?" And in the strip "Priscilla's Pop" the boy, bored with his father's presentation of Caesar's campaign, asks, "Why do I have to learn ancient history? . . ." The reply: "Just wait till you're grown up and married! That's when it comes in handy!" "For what?" "So you can help your little boy with it!"

Col. Brady sent another graphic exhibit, from the Asheville CITIZEN-TIMES of February 7, a photographic copy of the record of Gordon Gray while a student at the University of North Carolina. The Secretary of the Army, recently elected president of his university, led his class (1930) with an almost perfect A record including, as the photostat shows, a generous portion of courses in Latin, Greek, ancient history, and archaeology.

THE ADVERTISEMENTS TOO are not without their debt to antiquity. A St. Louis land title insurance company advertises (POST-DISPATCH February 12), "We inherit the rule, Caveat Emptor—meaning 'the buyer beware' from an old Roman law. A title insurance policy shifts this hazard from the buyer to the insurer."

THE PHARMACEUTIC USE of Latin may sometimes conceal the dispensing of familiar trade preparations at exorbitant prices, it was suggested in the New York state legislature. An item in the DAILY COMPASS (New York) February 2, sent us by Mr. Rosenblum of Brooklyn, quotes state senator Zaretski: "Writing prescriptions in illegible Latin may be condoned for various reasons, but when the patient has to pay double for the same article when it is called for by its Latin rather than its English name, a halt should be called."

EXCAVATIONS being conducted on the mountain Magdalensberg near Klagenfurt in Carinthia have revealed a city which extended from the La Tène Middle Iron Age until well into the Christian era. Tentatively identified as Noreia, capital of the Roman province Noricum, it is seen as an example of a Celtic city which became Romanized. Some gravestones, for example, show native Celts wearing togas while their wives still wore "a native dress which bears a marked resemblance to the modern Austrian *dirndl*." A Roman temple, a parliamentary assembly hall, a unique example of what is believed to be a cold storage chamber of 100 A.D.—these are among the attractions which local officials expect may rival even those of Pompeii when a road for tourists has been built up the mountain following the route of the old Roman road. The story was carried by the London TIMES of January 11, from the paper's Vienna correspondent, and was sent us by Miss E. Lucile Noble of Lansdowne, Pa.

THE FASCINATION of ancient geography was the subject of "Topics of the Times" in the New York TIMES of February 5, and Professor Lionel Casson of New York University sent the column to us. The inspiration for the piece was a map of the Graeco-Roman world published by the NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC, which "serves the useful purpose of turning attention away from our great, feverish globe to a small, flat *orbis terrarum*, where for a long time everything was peaceful and well ordered." The writer considers in sequence the "really tight little world" of Homer ("Yet plenty of room for adventure. Ulysses could wander for ten years between Troy and Ithaca and have scarcely a dull moment."), the "flat disk . . . swollen a little on all sides," of Herodotus, the world of Strabo, "changed in detail but not much in extent." He reasons, "The Romans, who came, saw and conquered all, are not interested in extending the bounds of their empire and have no curiosity about the world outside the Roman lines. But it was from the world which they ignored and despised that the blows came which wrecked this Greco-Roman world and created modern Europe."

THE ROMANS of the modern world—a characterization of Americans which we have seen made by European intellectuals from time to time—might have been a thought in the back of ECA administrator Paul Hoffman's mind. According to a

report in TIME February 13, he adapted a famous expression of a Roman imperialist in admitting a measure of defeat in his program for Marshall Plan Europe. "Back in Washington, an associate, asked Hoffman how he made out in Paris. 'You know that expression, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*?' he answered. 'Well, I made the first two.'"

ANOTHER OF THE PERCEPTIVE and authoritative articles on classical literature and culture by Walter Monfried in the MILWAUKEE JOURNAL (February 5) has been received from Professor Walter A. Jennrich of Concordia College, Milwaukee. This one deals with Aristophanes and his place in universal comedy and in his contemporary Athens. In summarizing the most significant of his plays, the writer notes the similarity between the situation in *Lysistrata* and that of the wives of Monte Flavio on strike against their husbands, which we recorded in this department last month.

REMINISCENT of a story that we related in February 1949 (CJ 44. 322) is one taken from the NBC (New York) news broadcast 11:00 P.M., February 1, noted down for us by Professor Jotham Johnson of New York University. Virtually the same details, of identical Latin examination papers written by students in different rooms, but with a new twist at the conclusion. A school inspector "found that one student had a bandage on his head at the time of the examination, and that the other had a cast on his arm. Exploring into the nature of these injuries, he found that one had a radio transmitter concealed in his bandages, the other a small receiver." The commentator labeled this "Vergil by Walky-Talky!"

W.C.S.

TENNESSEE PHILOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION

THE TENNESSEE PHILOLOGICAL Association held its forty-fourth annual meeting in Memphis, Tennessee, March 3-4, 1950, with the cooperation of Memphis State College and Southwestern at Memphis. Twenty-five interesting papers were read by members from thirteen of the colleges and universities in the state. The Classical Languages, English, German, and the Romance Languages were represented on the program.

ARTHUR H. MOSER, SEC.-TREAS.

University of Tennessee

THE AVENTINE GOOSE

PROFESSOR MICHELE Campanelli, that very popular Don Michele who is the dean of Roman journalists and perhaps of all Italy, has a watchful goose in his villino on the Aventine. Recently the goose turned attention to itself by a circumstance which our colleague sets forth clearly in a letter to the syndic, a letter from which we may infer that geese, after having saved the Campidoglio, are now capable of saving the Aventine.

Here is the letter:

"In my garden at no. 12 Via Santa Melania I have had for about four years a goose which is no degenerate descendant of its Capitoline forebears (oh propitiating shade of Camillus, now for the first time in centuries mentioned in legal paper!). This goose performs laudable service as a guard, and so efficiently indeed that on two occasions it has called my attention to attempted raids of sneak thieves on neighboring gardens, on the second occasion, in fact, with the beneficial result that the miscreant was caught red-handed with the goods by an alert carabinieri.

"Now to my very great surprise, on the 16th of this month I was notified of a violation of the law, and the consequent fine, for keeping illegally a large goose (sic) which by its cackling disturbs the neighborhood.

"This cackling occurs only during the day, and rarely then. Moreover it is far less noisy than the deafening shrieks of the urchins in the nearby Testaccio quarter, who infest the streets with their sports matches and military drills, and even engage in fights with stones which menace passersby and the windows and tiles of the villinos. And in addition to such noises I might mention the incessant barking of dogs and the roar of airplanes and of small and large motor vehicles which night and day delight the skies and the streets.

At night my goose is invariably quiet, except when thieves approach (and perhaps it is they who lodged the complaint?).

In view of all this I ask you, most illustrious and wise sir, to decree that this illogical no-

tice of violation of the law be annulled and that my harmless and solitary fowl, vowed to celibacy and to the protection of my home and the homes of my neighbors, be left in peace.

Respectfully yours,

MICHELE CAMPANELLI.

—Translated from *Il Messaggero di Roma*, 3 Nov. 1949. (We are indebted to Miss Dorothy M. Schullian for this clipping from *Il Messaggero*, as well as for the introductory comment.—Ed.)

—Liber Animalium

LUPUS

LUPUS EST FRATER malus canis benigni. Fiusdem familiae sunt. Quantopere tandem differunt! Canis plurimos amicos habet, lupus nullos. Canis fidelis est, lupus fallax. Canis magistrum habere vult et amat. Lupus magistrum recusat. Canis oves custodit, lupus lacerat.

Duo genera luporum in Civitatibus Foederatis inveniuntur: alter lupus silvestris, qui montes silvasque densas mavult neque, nisi fame coactus, per agros apertos vagari audet; alter lupus pratensis, qui minor est et prata aperta mavult. Voce differunt: iste ululat, hic latrat. Huius mos est in summo colle sedentis carmine tristissimo solem orientem salutare. Iste religionem non habet.

Lupus occidere amat. Non modo cibi causa sed etiam voluptatis causa occidit et bene scit se malefactorem esse. Vaccam miseram occidit et longe refugiet. Mox alibi alteram occidit et rursus refugiet. Memoriam locorum singularem habet. Omnes semitas, omnes valles, omnes rupes per centum milia passuum cognoscet. Cavet bene ne videatur. Vix captatur.

Romae in Capitolio stat lupa aenea; sub ea sunt gemini infantes Romulus et Remus. Fama est eos prope Tiberim flumen ad moriendum relictos ab lupa nutritos esse. Bene credere possumus eius lac vitaminum plenissimum fuisse quod viri robustissimi evaserunt atque Roman condiderunt. Hac fabula excepta, lupus semper est causa mali. Inter animalia diabolus est.

ANON.

AN APPEAL FOR A CIGLA

THE TITLE OF THIS paper fully written out is "An Appeal for a *Corpus Inscriptionum Graecarum Latinarumque Americae*." The purpose of this paper is to extend an appeal to students of the Classics for a collection of original Greek and Latin inscriptions composed by Americans.

Not all inscriptions! Not, for example, such whose content simply is that a certain building was dedicated on a certain day by so and so, and others in the same manner. Rather such inscriptions, in prose or verse, as evidence a certain amount of literary quality. Inscriptions which are merely quotations from classical sources would, of course, fall outside the scope of this collection.

And the value of such a collection? There are a number, but one that comes to mind immediately is that it would serve as an indicator of the fruit that the study of the classics has borne in America.

The problem is not that there are so few inscriptions composed by Americans; we shall come back to this below. What constitutes the difficulty is the establishment of a clearing house, a board of editors, the labors of editing and publishing. And of course all this presumes a diligence on the part of those aware of the existence of such inscriptions to forward their information to a clearing house.

There do exist original inscriptions by Americans, and doubtless they exist, conservatively speaking, in the hundreds. Some have been published; see the articles by R. W. Meader in *Classical Outlook*, 19. 37-38, 20. 39, and by H. C. Montgomery in the same journal, 20. 39-40, 23. 68. The inscriptions, and their competent analyses, make highly interesting reading.

The writer has found the search for them compensated for in many ways. It takes you often deep into early American history and the lives of small and great Americans. And it takes you equally often into the open air.

It took the writer one crisp October afternoon to a bluff high above the Mississippi, where stands a noble granite shaft to the ex-

plorer William Clark. Carved deep into the base stand the cryptic words $\Lambda\text{I}\Lambda$ (sic) $\text{TH}\Xi$ $\Sigma\text{TENH}\Xi$.

It took the writer on another occasion to a wooded hollow behind the residence of the Chancellor of Washington University in St. Louis. The column of a sun dial, its wounds patched years ago, reveal the weathered spiral tracery HORAS NUMERO.. . . . RENAS. Beneath the patching-cement stand three or four letters that will complete the sentence, and perhaps explain the intriguing position of the sun dial, in a hollow where trees allow only a whisper of sunlight to come through.

In the fastnesses of Lewis County, Tennessee, the explorer will find a pyre of rock slabs, surmounted by a stark unfluted column. It rises above the grave of Meriwether Lewis. On that monument, and to that son of ending melancholy, one hundred and one years ago the State of Tennessee caused this moving distich to be carved:

Immaturus obi, sed tu felicior annos
Vive meos, Bona Republica! Vive tuos!

What are the inscriptions in the Old Christ Church Burying Ground in Cambridge, the epitaphs in Old Boylston, the lines to the German students of Harvard killed in the First World War, on a porch in Harvard's Memorial Church?

The inscriptions themselves, much more than anything this writer may add, extend an appeal that ought not be denied.

LEO F. KAISER

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THAT LATIN WORD-ORDER AGAIN

To the Editor of THE CLASSICAL JOURNAL:
May I comment on Mrs. Oxley's article in CJ 45.1 (October, 1949)?

There is no doubt that Latin word-order is a major stumbling-block to American students, who approach the highly complex sentences of Caesar and Cicero with little background of other genuine Latin reading.

Medieval schoolmasters were wiser than we: Cicero's letters, Phaedrus, Nepos, and Ovid gave the student a taste of real but uncomplicated Latin before he began Caesar and Cicero's orations.

The idea of changing the word-order of a standard author is of dubious value. Rather prepare the student from the very first to grasp the thought as it is *presented*, by some such device as that suggested by the Reverend Hugh P. O'Neill, S.J., in the pamphlet *Reading and Translating Latin* (Chicago, Loyola University Press, 1929). Briefly, the technique is to recognize each word or phrase in its proper function as it is met, not merely to give it a grammatical label. Thus, in meeting the sentence, *Librum puer habet*, the student's judgment should be not merely, "*Librum* is accusative, probably the object of a verb," but "Here is a book, and somebody is doing something to it. What is being done, and who is doing it?" If this system is followed from the beginning of Latin instruction, correct reading habits can be formed. If the subject follows the object immediately, the judgment and the question can be telescoped, e.g., *Legionem Caesar*: "What is Caesar doing to the legion?" Similarly, when an initial dative is met, the judgment is, "Here is someone who is affected by or interested in the action." Students can be taught to take in the thought of *Caesari nuntiatum est* as easily as if it were *Est nuntiatum Caesari*, and in the process they acquire a feeling for Latin that a mere knowledge of vocabulary and forms will never give them. It is a slow process, but it gives power.

If mimeographing can be done, it can be used to provide some real visual aid in the form of a colometrized text, which does for the eye what correct phrasing does for the ear, enabling the reader to take in a single thought-unit at a glance, and showing the relationship of main and dependent clauses. For example:

Horum omnium fortissimi sunt Belgae,
propterea quod
a cultu atque humanitate provinciae
longissime absunt,
minimeque ad eos

mercatores saepe comitant,
atque ea,
quae ad effeminandos animos
pertinent,
important,
proximique sunt Germanis,
qui trans Rhenum incolunt,
quibuscum continenter bellum gerunt.

Or some interesting passages from simple but genuine Latin could be mimeographed for sight reading, such as the famous eulogy of the valiant woman in *Proverbs* 31. 10-31, or that of the just man in *Wisdom* 10. 10-14, from the Latin Vulgate.

From time to time I receive advertisements of a "Juxtilinear text," which I do not keep, but which I think claims to have done just this re-writing of high school authors. I shall be glad to send the next one on to Mrs. Oxley.

Rewriting a Latin author in English order merely enables the student to transverbalize and decode; it does not teach him to read.

SISTER MARY DONALD, B.V.M.

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Ed. Note: Mrs. Oxley and Sister Mary Donald, along with others who have corresponded on this controversial point, raise a very real question in connection with Latin reading. A number of teachers have attacked this problem by using flash-cards which present the Latin sentence by instalments, not allowing the student's eye to roam about and try to piece the sentence together in the English order. That is, the student is forced to understand the Latin as it comes. Mr. Waldo Sweet of the William Penn charter School in Philadelphia, we understand, has put Latin sentences on a film-strip, throwing one frame with one thought unit on the screen at a time. Here again the student is forced to take the Latin as it comes. What troubles us, however, is the possibility that this method, too, is artificial. The periodic or complex sentence in Latin (as in English) is a mode of expression for highly literate people; and rapid readers in Latin (as in English) doubtless assimilated sentences as a whole, not by instalments. In fact, very rapid readers

in English frequently read by entire paragraphs. The major difficulty in foreign-language teaching as a whole seems to us to be that the language-learning process is by nature one of long duration, based upon thorough imitation and saturation. But when classroom contact hours are rarely more than five per week, teachers are necessarily thrown back upon some form of analysis—which is invariably artificial. The problem is complicated in Latin reading by the fact that the student seldom has the visual training to go beyond piece-work in the English sentence itself.

N.J.D.

NEW "GEOGRAPHIC" MAP

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THE NEARLY TWO MILLION members of the National Geographic Society have had in their homes since December a new 32 inch by 22 inch map, "Classical Lands of the Mediterranean,"¹ which now replaces the widely used map of the same name published in March, 1940. This is a new map, drawn on a different, reduced scale and showing signs of extensive revision of detail. The plan, however, remains approximately the same, an uneasy compromise between a straightforward map of modern Italy, Greece and neighboring territory and a map to illustrate the romance of antiquity. Modern English names are used in the main map for countries, seas, large islands, extensive mountain ranges and occasionally elsewhere at the whim of the compilers (e.g. Vatican City), modern official names (Italian, Greek, Turkish and so on) for other places with ancient equivalents in parentheses; finally, ruins and territorial divisions like Latium or Attica have their ancient names, usually in the Latin form. This rather confusing system is more or less the same as that of the older map but there is a greater effort towards consistency. The modern is further represented by red stars indicating

airports, the ancient by a profusion of notes containing information from Pausanias, Strabo and elsewhere, and by six insets showing the worlds envisioned by Homer, Herodotus and Strabo, the vicinities of ancient Athens and Rome, and the Greco-Roman world. Herodotus and Strabo are newcomers, and the map of the Greco-Roman world which includes Alexander's conquests, replaces a much more detailed one of the Roman Empire under Trajan. In contrast to the main map the insets everywhere give precedence to antiquity.

The new map is less attractive than its predecessor since it is smaller by a fifth (43.4 miles to the inch contrasted with 35) with about the same amount of detail (3,200 places and 270 notes), and consequently is more crowded. It seems to me that the abundance of information offered will of itself discourage browsing and thus lessen rather than enhance the map's value to the arm-chair traveller and amateur antiquarian. As a work of reference the map could, with the index which is promised, be quite useful to high school and college students. On it can be found most places² which such students would need to know in this area, while the system of nomenclature, cumbersome as it is, does serve the very useful function of suggesting the debt of the present to the past.

In addition to the smaller size, changes from the earlier version include the addition of geographical detail, particularly a large number of indications of altitude, a number of differences in orthography, particularly $\bar{\iota}$ instead of $\bar{\epsilon}$ in modern Greek names, the use of colors which make the lettering stand out more clearly, a thoroughgoing rewriting and condensation of many notes, the omission of some, the addition of others. For example, the error which made Scipio Pompey's father rather than father-in-law has been corrected; "Damon and Phintias" has been replaced by the less correct "Damon and Pythias (Phintias)."

Perhaps its most controversial feature is the notes which are scattered over it. The idea is excellent and many are informative and answer questions which naturally arise, as

the new note on Calabria: "The 'heel' of Italy was named Calabria by the ancients. When the Lombards seized it about A.D. 700, the Byzantines transferred the name to the 'toe'—the Calabria of today." But they are far too numerous and it is very difficult to find a guiding principle other than *horror vacui*. History, mythology, tradition, archaeology, etymology³ and folk etymology⁴ are lumped together indiscriminately. In the lower right hand corner a single note reads: "Zeus, in form of bull, swam to Crete from Phoenicia with Europa on his back. Minoan culture flourished from 2000 to 1400 B.C." As a group they seem directed toward no particular end, to assume for the reader no particular need, or degree of previous knowledge. There are useful historical notes; the circumstances of many battles are given where the older map had only crossed swords and a date; the birth-places of many authors; information, both pertinent and frivolous, about various cities and territories. More dates are given than in the previous map. But mixed with this is a mass of mythological information, seldom labelled as such. Either history or mythology would have been enough. Such confusion, lack of integration and evaluation is more regrettable than surprising in this age of quiz programs, but it means that stray, often misleading shafts of light are directed into many areas, where concentrated they might have left the reader with a clearer picture of certain important events and careers, as is actually the case here with the career of Hannibal, and possibly the conquests of Alexander, and the Persian Wars.

The revision has left a number of cases of ambiguity in the notes and one or two apparent errors. You and I are aware what the following means, but would all the readers of *National Geographic Magazine* understand: "Alpheus turned into this river to pursue Arethusa under the sea"? For Thessaloniki the only ancient name given is Therma. Many of *National Geographic Magazine's* readers might be surprised to learn that the wife after whom Cassander supposedly named the city was Thessalonica. Again, the Eleatic School founded by Xenophanes was some-

thing entirely different from what the average reader would picture, if the note on Elea were his only source of information. It was not, as is stated on the map, the proverb "let sleeping dogs lie" which originated with the draining of the marshy lake Camarina, but its Greek equivalent: "Do not disturb Camarina, for it is better undisturbed."⁵ In their eagerness to find something to say about the upper coast of the Adriatic, the editors attach to the island Issa a myth which seems to belong properly to Lesbos, whose older name happens also to have been Issa.

NOTES

¹ To be obtained from National Geographic Society, Washington 6, D. C., \$.50 on paper, \$1.00 on linen in U.S.A.; elsewhere, \$.75 on paper, \$1.25 on linen; index \$.25 in U.S.A.; elsewhere \$.50.

² Omissions of archaeological importance include Minturnae, Cosa and Hagia Triada; of historical importance Eretria, Mycale, Aegospotami. A more careful search would certainly reveal others.

³ E.g. parchment from Pergamum, Meander, tantalize.

⁴ E.g. sardonic from Sardinia.

⁵ *μη κινει Καμαριναν ακινητος γαρ εμειναι*. See Pauly-Wissowa-Kroll, s.v. Kamarina, col. 1806, where the ancient references are collected.

TO PRODUCE A LATIN PUPPET-SHOW

THE PUPPET SHOW given at the 1948 convention of the CAMWS was written in English in 1940 by students in an elementary Latin class for use as a club program. They had read the story of Romulus and Remus in Latin as part of their class work, in Haulenbeck's *Beginnings of Rome* (Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York, 1929). The same students fashioned the puppets and made the costumes. This year, students in an advanced composition class put the script into Latin, of course with the help and criticism of their teacher.

In presenting the play they used a puppet stage that clamps onto a narrow table, which was constructed by the Modern Foreign Language Clubs some years ago. The stage floor is just high enough so that the handler, sitting behind the table and resting an elbow

on the table, has the puppet on his fingers at the right height to seem to walk on the stage floor. The stage curtains are on a rod behind the stage opening; the back drop is of thin cloth with the scene sketched in crayon, hung on another rod behind the curtains. Other curtains hanging from the front edge of the table and at either side of the puppet stage conceal the workers.

Three students are needed to handle the puppets, if two take two parts each; three others read the script. Five can be used for each purpose. One master of ceremonies makes announcements to the audience and acts as prompter behind the scene.

To Make Puppets

TO MAKE PUPPETS such as these: for the head, break off the metal part of an electric light bulb and cover the raw edges with adhesive tape. (*A clean break can be made by filing a scratch around the neck of the bulb with a three-cornered file.*—Ed.) Cut newspaper in inch-wide strips, and using plenty of flour-and-water paste, paste thick layers of the newspaper all over the bulb, tapering it down to nothing where the adhesive tape appears. Then with fingers or an orange wood stick, while the paper and paste are still soggy, model the stuff to represent nose, eyes, chin, hair, etc.; and after it is dry, paint with water-colors as desired. The tunic must be fastened securely to the head; some of ours were sewed to the papier-mâché, others were attached with adhesive tape. For a change of costume, put a second tunic on over the one that is attached to the head and fasten it with a dress snap. A toga can be draped over the tunic and fastened with a pin.

Four puppets are the minimum needed for the play: an old woman, Larentia; an old man for Faustus and Numitor; two young men for Romulus and Remus. Our babies were small rolls of Kleenex tied tightly; the spear

was a paper knife. Faustus' cottage and the dog were of paper, pinned to the back drop.

I should like to give credit to the students; for writing the original script in English and making the puppets: Louise Kant, Gertrude Lippow, Mary DeVoe; for putting it into Latin and producing it in 1948: Mary Lou Burke, Joyce Gage, Edith Klumb, Betty Konrad, Jaunita Mauthe, Eugene Olson, and Janet Riedl.

ORTHA L. WILNER

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†Rodney Potter Robinson

Classicists have been saddened to learn of the death, on April 1, 1950, of Rodney Potter Robinson.

Born in Council Bluffs, Iowa, in 1890, Dr. Robinson had obtained his A.B. and A.M. at the University of Missouri, his doctorate at the University of Illinois.

Noted in the scholarly field for the wide range of interest and thorough competence displayed in his monographs, he was perhaps best known for his work in paleography and as a critic and editor of texts.

He served in the ambulance service of the U. S. Army with the French Army in France from 1917 to 1919, and was awarded the Croix de Guerre.

In 1920 Dr. Robinson joined the faculty of the University of Cincinnati, and from 1940 to 1945 served as dean of its graduate school, when regard for his health forced him to curtail his activities.

From 1935 to 1937 he served as professor in charge of classical studies at the American Academy in Rome.

He is survived by Mrs. Robinson, the former Rachel L. Sargent.

—In our May issue

"ON IMPROVING THE SHINING HOUR"

By Joshua Whatmough

NOTES

Contributions to this department in the form of brief objective notes should be sent direct to the editor, Oscar E. Nybakken, State University of Iowa, 111 Schaeffer Hall, Iowa City, Iowa.

THE CICERONIAN TRADITION IN THE MIDDLE AGES

THE PHILOSOPHY of the Middle Ages was influenced by the doctrines of the Church and the teachings of the ancient philosophers. Although Cicero has never been highly regarded as a philosopher, he had a profound and salutary effect on the mediaeval philosophers. He was instrumental in transmitting the teachings of the Greeks, and his typically Roman devotion to practical ethics provided a doctrine and an example for those who strove to resist the encroachment of dialectics.

The early humanists, Jerome, Ambrose, and Augustine were the channels through which a large part of the Ciceronian influence flowed to later ages. Augustine is of primary importance in any discussion of the influence of Cicero, for the *De Doctrina Christiana* of Augustine is, in the history of Christian culture, the counterpart of Cicero's *De Oratore*. Augustine had been trained by the arts of grammar and rhetoric, and had spent some time as professor of rhetoric. The fourth book of the *De Doctrina Christiana* deals with the subject of Christian oratory, and with very few modifications the ideal of the *doctus Christianus* of Augustine harmonizes with the Ciceronian ideal of the *doctus orator*.¹

Although there were many fluctuations in the educational standards between the sixth and the twelfth century, no one had successfully challenged the validity of the Augustinian modification of the old rhetorical training. Grammar, in its larger sense, embracing the study of the classical texts, logic or dialectics as an aid to grammar and to the argumentative portions of rhetoric, and rhetoric, the *ars bene scribendi* or *dicendi*, are recognized as the natural ingredients of a liberal education.²

In the twelfth century the intransigent dialectician, Peter Abelard, did much to thrust

in the forefront of men's attention the question which was to absorb the minds of the scholars of his generation and entice them away from the older type of balanced humanistic culture. With an unwavering faith in the ability of logic to answer all questions, Abelard turned his attention to the problem of universal ideas, a problem which had already been taken up by Roscelin and William of Champeaux. The question had been raised by Boethius in his commentary on the *Isagoge* of Porphyry:

Mox de generibus et speciebus illud quidem sive substantiant sive in solis nudis intellectibus posita sint, sive substantia corporalia sint an incorporea et utrum separata a sensibilibus an in sensibilibus posita: et circa haec consistentia dicere recusabo. Altissimum enim negotium est huiusmodi et majoris egens inquisitionis.³

Abelard, not deterred by the warning, attempted to find a solution, and his well advertised teachings had a great effect. From his time the question was given prominence in philosophical discussions, and the popularity of logic as a study increased, until, allied with the newly discovered Aristotle, it bade fair to thrust the study of the *auctores* from the curricula of the universities.⁴

One of the men who saw and pointed out the deleterious effects of this excessive attention to the art and science of logic was John of Salisbury. There can be no doubt about his humanism. In point of style, sound scholarship, and good taste he was not inferior to the humanists of the Renaissance. Yet his importance lies not in this, but in the fact that he was sufficiently imbued with the Ciceronian tradition to see the futility of expecting logic to substitute for both literature and philosophy. "I myself am of the opinion of those who believe that a man cannot be literate without a knowledge of the authors,"⁵ is his

credo. As a philosopher he allies himself with the New Academy: "The disciples of the New Academy, avoiding the pitfall of falseness, are more discreet in that they do not at all deny their short-comings, but taking their stand upon the platform of lack of knowledge they are sceptics with regard to almost every point. This course is far safer than to define rashly that about which there is uncertainty. The position of the school is also strengthened by the fact that both Heraclides of Pontus and our own Cicero, generally acknowledged to be men of rare gift, finally joined it."⁶ Besides the healthy scepticism exhibited in the preceding passage there is a practical moralism, with undertones of Stoicism, about the utterance of John of Salisbury which is reminiscent of the writings of Cicero. "There is however no duty, civil or military, with which philosophy does not deal since she alone banishes vices and without her there is no proper conduct among men. As the occupation of justifications, that is the execution of the commandments of God, makes the sage . . . so the preparation of the mind for their occupation is the truest philosophy."⁷

The attitude of John of Salisbury forms a connecting link with the Renaissance. When Nicholas of Autrecourt, Petrarch, and Erasmus were confronted with the same failure of philosophy to rise above the order of formal logic, they adopted essentially the same position as John of Salisbury; a moderate scepticism about the more abstruse questions and the belief that all discussions of practical ethics can be solved by recourse to the Scriptures, the Fathers, and the pagan moralists who influenced the Fathers. When Erasmus writes:

Deum immortalem, Scotus, Albertus et his indoctiores auctores omnibus in scholis perstreptent et ille unicus religionis nostrae pugil illustrator ac lumen Hieronymus qui meruit ut unus celebraretur, unus ex omnibus tacebitur⁸

he was appealing for a return to a long tradition, a tradition which had been briefly interrupted by men whom he regarded as ignorant of grammar and the *auctores*.

WILLIAM C. GRUMMEL

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NOTES

¹ O utinam doctissimum aliquem, neque id tantum, sed etiam eloquentissimum, et omnino sapientissimum, perfectumque hominem de hoc ambo interrogare possemus. Migne, P.L., 32, 1073.

² Henry Osburn Taylor, *The Mediaeval Mind*, 2, 359-364.

³ Migne, P.L., 64, 82.

⁴ L. J. Paetow, *The Arts Course at Mediaeval Universities*, passim.

⁵ *Policratus* 7. 9. Translated by Joseph B. Pike, *Frivolities of Courtiers and Footprints of Philosophers*.

⁶ *Policratus* 7. 1.

⁷ *Ibid.*, 7. 8.

⁸ *Opus Epistularum Des. Erasmi* (edited by P. S. Allen) 1. 332.

THE LATIN "GOOD-BYE!"

EDWARD C. ECHOLS

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JUST as the verb *salveo* tends to dominate the Latin formulaic greetings, so the verb *valeo* is even more favored in the conventional farewell pattern. Once more the plays of Plautus and Terence offer the most reliable source for the study of how the Romans said "Good-bye!"

An opening *vale!* usually elicits the dyadic *vale!* in reply, but *et tu vale!* and the more laconic *et tu!* also occur in the response position. *Bene vale!* is found in both positions, with the response frequently expanded to *et tu bene vale!* and *bene sit tibi!* *Multum vale!* was noted in *Stichus* (496). The common temporal qualifiers in *iam vale!* and *nunc vale!* suggest the modern "Good-bye now!"

A limited number of verbs are used at parting in conjunction with *vale!* *Salve!* occurs as the second member of *vale et salve!*, suggesting that its literal meaning is here retained for emphasis in a farewell comparable to the modern "Good-bye and take care of yourself!" This view is strengthened by a leave-taking in *Asinaria* (592-593):

ARGY.: Vale!

PHIL.: Aliquanto amplius valerem, si hic maneres.

ARGY.: Salve!

PHIL.: Salvere me iubes, quoi tu abiens offers morbum?

The rare factual reply to *salve!* in the greeting situation (*Epidicus*, 558; *Curculio*, 121) may be suggested by the state-of-health implications of *salve!* in the farewell pattern.

The *vive valeque!* of Horace (*Sat.* 2. 5. 110; *Ep.* 1. 1. 167) is anticipated in reverse order in *Miles Gloriosus* (1340): "Conservi conservaeque, bene vale et vivite . . ." The *valete et vivete!* may itself be influenced by the formulaic *valete et plaudite*, found, in slightly varying forms, as the closing line of several of the plays, including *Epidicus*, *Menaechmi*, *Eunuchus*, and *Heauton Timorumenos*.

Even though *vale!*, in the leave-taking situation, had undoubtedly become formulaic and had lost its "Be well!" meaning, there is an occasional answer in the plays which suggests that the original state-of-health meaning is still recognized. The use of "Ut valeas!", with the conventional *vale!* in reply, seems to imply here something more than the casual formulaic valediction.

Other meaningful responses to *vale!* include:

CAPP.: Vale et salve!

THER.: Male vale, male sit tibi! (*Curculio*, 588)

LYCO.: Bellator, vale!

THER.: Quid valeam? (*Curculio*, 553-554)

SELE.: Gymnasium mea, bene vale!

GYMN.: Cura te, amabo! (*Cistellaria*, 1123)

Asinaria (606) offers a surprisingly modern exchange at the moment of parting:

ARGY.: Vale!

PHIL.: Quo properas?

ARGY.: Bene vale, apud Orcum te videbo!

The only noteworthy variation in the *vale-*motif is *bene ambulator!*, obviously rather restricted in application. It occurs both as the opening and response in the Roman farewell.

Formulaic and stylized as the Latin greeting pattern undeniably is, it nevertheless offers a comfortably wide choice in comparison to the virtually inflexible pattern of the Roman valediction.

EDWARD C. ECHOLS

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THE MAD SOPHOCLES

THE STANDARD history of Greek literature¹ still takes seriously the notorious anecdote given currency by Cicero, Plutarch, and others: Sophocles, in his old age, spent his days writing plays and consequently mismanaged his estate to the great discontent of his sons, who brought him to trial on a charge of insanity. But the venerable poet, for his own defence, merely read to the jury the great chorus from the *Oedipus Coloneus*, which he had recently written,² and was, of course, acquitted.³ To disprove this absurd story we need only remember that Iophon is, in several accounts, named as the principal accuser,⁴ and then glance at Aristophanes, *Frogs* 79. This line, spoken in a comedy produced only a few months after Sophocles' death, implies that Iophon was popularly supposed to have written his plays under his father's supervision: they were, it seemed, too good to have come from an undirected talent. No such notion, obviously, could have been plausible enough for use on the stage if Iophon had ever been publicly at variance with his celebrated father. We are forced to conclude, then, what we ought to have surmised in any case: the anecdote proceeds from a comic poet⁵ and was meant merely as a harmless literary joke. Sophocles and his son are not the only ones to have suffered from the too comprehensive humor of Old Comedy.

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NOTES

¹ Christ-Schmid, 1. 2. 321, even though *Ar. Ran.* 73 is actually cited. See also C. Robert, *Oidipos*, 1. 475 ff.

² Cic. *Cato Maior* 22.

³ Since even an Athenian jury had not yet had the advantage of learning from Plato that poets can be, and indeed must be, mad.

⁴ If not the only one.

⁵ So Jebb rightly, following G. Hermann and Nauck; see also Rose, *Handbook of Greek Literature*, p. 162, n. 100. Even the modified legend in T. von Wilamowitz, *Philol. Untersuch.* xxii. 369 f. is to be ruled out. I see now that these conclusions have been anticipated by T. B. L. Webster, *An Introduction to Sophocles*, p. 19; but they seem worth repeating, since the emphasis here is rather different.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE CLASSICAL TRADITION

HIGHET, GILBERT, *The Classical Tradition*: New York and London, Oxford University Press (1949). Pp. xxxviii+763. \$6.00.

THE AUTHOR of this book states that the purpose of his book is to show "that the history of much of the best poetry and prose written in western countries is a continuous stream flowing from its source in Greece to the present day, and that that stream is one current in the continuous spiritual life of western man." In addition to a preface, acknowledgments, table of contents, and list of abbreviations at the beginning of the book, and brief bibliography, notes on the several chapters, and index (57 pages) at the end, there are twenty-four chapters beginning with an introduction and ending with a conclusion. The progress of the chapters is chronological. The introduction traces the thread of cultural history in the West through the Renaissance. Chapter 2 then goes back to the early beginnings of English literature in the Dark Ages. Chapter 4 is on Dante; Chapter 5 includes Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Chaucer; and Chapters 6-9 devote themselves to the history of various ancient literary types in the Renaissance. Chapter 10 discusses Rabelais and Montaigne, Chapter 11 Shakespeare. There are chapters on lyric, drama, and satire, on the Battle of the Books, on the baroque era, and on the various effects of the classical tradition on the literature of Europe and America from the eighteenth century to the present. There are 150 pages of notes. The paper of the book is of necessity thin, and the book has an attractive and serviceable linen covering on the boards. In this book both the Oxford University Press and the author have made important additions to their already distinguished careers.

This book is more than its title indicates.

For the classical tradition, which includes early Christian Latin literature, is deftly woven into its setting of the literary history of Europe and America with a running account of the history and culture of the several periods. Thus *Beowulf* and other Anglo-Saxon secular poetry are discussed, though there is no obvious direct classical influence on them. Important periods, authors, and pieces of literature are often clearly characterized with an indented list of identifying traits. The history of romantic love is outlined, and its death noted long before this "age of anxiety." The main conflicts of the early Renaissance are outlined in preparation for a consideration of Rabelais.

This is an admirable book. The author is thoughtful, mature, and "rich with the spoils of time." Some approximation of the content of this book should be expected of all who profess to teach the Classics. That the author in the writing of this Smörgåsbord of comparative literature had to depend heavily on voluminous secondary bibliography is well attested in the documentation of the notes. And yet the book does not read like a second-hand compendium. It is fresh, because the author's mind is lively, and it is based on a first-hand knowledge of source materials. In places where judgment is rendered and evaluations made, those judgments and evaluations are sound. The book contains memorable phrases and sentences, catholicity in point of view, enthusiasm, sympathetic understanding, and wisdom. For instance, the treatment of Boethius impressed the writer as being both sympathetic and moving. For a generation of classicists who have been nourished on Sandys, Pauly-Wissowa, Daremberg-Saglio, and Bursian the liveliness of this book will come as a pleasant surprise. The warmth and humanity of the author pervade many a page, but perhaps never more eloquently than

in the last sentence of the book: "The real duty of man is not to extend his power or multiply his wealth beyond his needs, but to enrich and enjoy his only imperishable possession: his soul."

To be a serious student of the undeveloped field of comparative literature requires control of many foreign languages and critical judgment. Professor Highet has both. The strength of the Classics is more obvious when one, knowing Pindar, realizes that the Pindar of France is Ronsard, of Italy is Chiabrera, and of England is Cowley, and that other ages have a *Beowulf* as Homeric poems and a Bede as their Herodotus. The greatness of the classical greats will be emphasized by a study of their tradition. The stated inadequacies of most translations of the Classics should emphasize the importance of approaching them in their original languages. The author's resolute remarks on the crucifixion of the Classics by the pedantry and illiberalism of its teachers have to be as resolutely faced. For we have had little liberalism in America in our teaching of the Classics.

The writer wishes to avoid pettiness in reviewing this book. Its wisdom and maturity require that the following remarks be kept in proper perspective. In the excellent chapter on Shakespeare's relation to the classical tra-

dition the reviewer does not remember any reference to Shakespeare's use of the Scriptures in adapting Plautine comedy. Some readers might be temporarily misled by the statement (p. 220), "Nearly all Alcaeus is gone, and most of Pindar." On page 230 in mentioning the Latin form *oda*, a transliteration of a Greek word, one might have characterized *oda* as being not merely "Latin," but rare, post-classical Latin. It seems that the sentence on page 303, "towards the middle of his life he [Horace] gave up satires for his gentler epistles" might be better restated. Some of Horace's *Satires* are not satirical, whereas some of his *Epistles* are. The experience of Thomas Wolfe in loving the Classics despite some of his instructors could well confirm Professor Highet's point on page 407 and elsewhere. The difficulty faced by the author in reducing a subject of encyclopaedic scope to a single volume is seen in the fact that Apuleius receives only one sentence—that pertaining to certain translations of the *Metamorphoses*. Even Persius seems to have fared better. A book of this type should be written to trace the classical influence down through the manual arts of Europe and America.

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CAESAR IN FICTION

MABIE, MARY LOUISE, *Prepare Them for Caesar!* Boston, Little Brown and Company (1949). Pp. 376. \$3.50.

FOR A CLASSICALLY-MINDED person it is always a pleasure to see a new novel devoted to people and events of classical antiquity. It was a pleasure to take up this book. It must however be regretfully recorded that it was an even greater pleasure to put it down. And, be it said, not to put it down for the purpose of meditating upon or pondering over its conclusions.

Miss Mabie has ambitiously attempted to cover Caesar's life from his early twenties to his death by assassination some thirty-five

years later. She deals with the politics of the Roman world as the Republic was ending and deals rather well with them. Caesar's friends and enemies play their parts as he travels about, during and after his campaigns and his rise to power. So do the women in his life—mother, wives, and mistresses. But the greater part of the book is concerned with the Gallic and Civil Wars and the periods and events intervening.

A reviewer should stick to what is actually said in the book and to what perhaps he thinks should have been said. And in all probability I would not, I believe, have reviewed this book had not the author, without

apparent hesitation, given details as to the amount and kind of research and time consumed therein. In such a case one can, it would seem, comment on the results which that research has brought about. Miss Mabie says on the dust cover, "Caesar is himself so real and lifelike that I could not go off on any wrong track. No research work jarred the Caesar I was writing and the research work was tremendous. Seventy-eight histories glared at me from our library at home and I studied in many libraries. The California State Library sent me from Sacramento by mail thick volumes." Farther on it is implied that the research and studies occupied six years.

It is of course well known that many students of the Classics have spent their entire lives on one period or one man. I do not mean to say that no one should write a novel on Caesar, for instance, who has not spent his entire life in the study of Caesar and his time. But I do believe that if an author whose interests are also with other men and periods, does choose to write on Caesar and then spends some time in research, that research should yield approximately correct results. We cannot, I realize, expect a research of six years to be entirely without error. Indeed great lifelong scholars on one man or period have made errors. But it does seem that the published research of a general novelist should attain a fair degree of accuracy.

For example, Miss Mabie makes nimble use of many and various chariots. In reality in Roman times chariots were mainly racing vehicles and were not used in ordinary traveling. Nor did the Romans go around wearing fantastic wreaths of silver oak leaves, so beloved in Hollywood. And must we forever have "corn" for "grain" or "rations," and "falling sickness" for "epilepsy"? Cispus is included in the seven hills of Rome instead of Coelius. Sugar and sugar bowls as we use the terms are a little hard to take. Atuatuca and Andes are forms to be preferred to Aduatuca and Andi. Elderly gladiators as litter-bearers seem a little startling. Agenticum and Toledum should be Agedincum and Toletum. The Marcelli are named in one place; they

are called Marcelluses in another. Domitius' name was Calvinus, not Calvenus. Rome's population under the Republic was one million, not two. The eyes painted on ancient ships were generally on the vessel itself and not on the sails. Gnaeus should of course be Gnaeus. A Roman knight is called M. Sacerdotius! Roman letters were not dated "9th. Sextilis." Caesar's prowess as Cleopatra's middle-aged lover, described on Page 305, is simply unbelievable. He was fifty-five when he defeated Pharnaces, not fifty-three. But perhaps the best of all is the city Praetors at their praetoriums!

Military Details

MISS MABIE'S WAR is Napoleonic in character rather than Roman. The use of "flags" for "banners" is misleading. "Phagita" seems to be a peculiar name for a Roman centurion. Not all oarsmen in galleys were slaves. To state that "quinquereme" means a ship with five banks of oars from top to bottom is to state, if not an impossibility, certainly an improbability. Roman officers did not carry shields nor wear helmets except in actual battle. Indeed, there is on neither Column any sculptured representation of any Roman commander wearing a helmet. The nearest approach is in one scene where an orderly seems to be handing a helmet to the Emperor Trajan. Nor did troops wear helmets except when in the presence of the enemy, as is again attested by the Trajanic Column. Roman sentries on guard, like any other sentinels, did not act as orderlies. A first cohort, sometimes, it is true, doubled in strength, did not have a paper complement of 1105 men until the days of the Empire. Nor was the legionary eagle gold before that time. "Relief" is the proper modern military term, not "company" or "watch." It would be a waste of man power to station sentries every twenty feet atop the wall of a camp holding a Roman army. Centurions did not, like their modern counterparts, company commanders, engage in manual labor. In camp, definite areas were laid down for latrines and men would not be permitted to wander off in woods. Greaves were not worn by officers in the field. One standard described as a legion-

ary eagle is in reality a Praetorian standard of Empire days. Caesar's Quartermaster at Cenabum was C. Fufius Cita, not Fusius. In late Republican times, officers' saddles were without stirrups. No Roman legion was ever known as the "Legio Vernacula." The statement that Caesar defeated Pharnaces without any veterans is erroneous. The Sixth Legion, an old one, mainly won the fight for Caesar there. It is doubtful whether Roman soldiers ever marched with their hands held firmly at their sides. And finally it is quite unknown to me that drums were ever used in the Early Roman army.

Judging from the omnipresence of the word, this book too might well have been called *The Robe*, a word that has been used by many authors to mean anything from an Attic chlamys to an Anglican cassock. Miss Mabie favors this word and one other, "gown," but particularly the former. In the novel, while occasionally calling a toga or tunic by its correct name, Miss Mabie clothes her Romans in "robes" and secondarily in "gowns." The words as used in this book cover everything from a cloak or cape, through togas and tunics, down to slaves' garments.

Military Portrait

SINCE CAESAR, though a great man in many fields, is most commonly thought of as a great soldier and inasmuch as Miss Mabie devotes a great deal of space to his campaigning, let us look for a moment at her military portrait. Relying on a misinterpretation of Suetonius, the author tells us that Caesar, a civilized commander, chose his troops for bodily strength only. Yet practically all authorities on Caesar agree that there has rarely been an army of better conduct or higher moral qualities than Caesar's. In organization, discipline, ability to do almost any kind of work, endurance of danger and trial, toughness, and courage, Caesar's *small* legionaries formed a model army. What can be said of Caesar's remark in the midst of the battle with the Nervii when he speaks to soldiers and says, "The impetus of the enemy retards a little"! Indeed in one other place in the book, it is implied that Caesar's Latin

was so high-brow that it could not be understood by farmers. His Latin is as simple and clear as any Latin ever written. One of the world's great soldiers in invading a hostile Britain "had not expected armed opposition." And he was "surprised" that the Britons had cultivated fields! Indeed he was so naive as to feel that Vercingetorix' horrible cruelty to his Gallic soldiers "lacked charity." He failed to have any doctors with the army at Alesia! It is further implied that Caesar was of no use at sea. Yet naval commentators have stated that he handled his British invasion ships like a seasoned admiral. And finally the orders that he is represented as giving his reserve in the battle with Pompey are simple absurdities. This is not Caesar.

It may be said that all this makes little difference if the story be a good one and if Caesar and the other characters do come to life as real people and real Romans. Yet while the person, young and old, that Miss Mabie has created does perhaps manage to come shakily to life, he is not Caesar. Other characters in her book may also succeed in achieving a recognizable one-dimensional stature but the stature they do achieve is, in the opinion of this reviewer, hardly that of living, breathing, Romans. Certainly not in the case of Cicero and most of the men of exalted position. But when she comes to the women Miss Mabie seems to be more at home, and for the most part her Roman female characters do come off, I think, much better.

Yet while there are in this book several near-examples of what the *New Yorker* calls "rich and beautiful prose," there are also occasional very good lines; "Moderation is never interesting," and, "A conqueror is always displeased." And of Egypt, lines such as the following: "Felt the old magnificence of time and the pyramids," "In the great defiant age of the landscape," and "Egyptian elongated eyes." Obviously, however a few good lines do not make a good play—much less a good novel. A successful novel would breathe vigorous, genuine life into its characters. It would show both the classically educated and the general reader the real streets and homes, the triumphs, the victories, and

the defeats, the whole vivid pagan atmosphere not just of any ancient city, but of Rome itself. This the book quite fails to do. And what especially it fails to do is to prepare anyone at all for Caesar.

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Classical Articles In Non-Classical Periodicals . . .

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION OF UNIVERSITY PROFESSORS BULLETIN 35 (1949).—(Summer: 240-250) William Charles Korfmacher, "Ancient Answers to Today's Curriculum Problems." An examination of classical studies (the Greek and Latin languages and Greek and Roman civilization) in connection with the eleven "objectives of general education" as set forth in the first volume of the *Report of the President's Commission on Higher Education*. "... In a sympathetic and intelligent study of these languages and the cultures and civilizations they represent some emphasis upon all the objectives advocated by the *Report* can be had; ... Latin and Greek—far from having no claim to a place in such a scheme of 'general education'—may mightily look to such a central position among educational disciplines as they have in our own past traditionally enjoyed."

AMERICAN SCHOLAR 18 (1949).—(Autumn: 417-424) Alvin S. Johnson, "Cleopatra and the Roman Chamber of Commerce." The power which Cleopatra had and which Horace alludes to in Ode 37 of Book I was not the power of beauty. We must abandon the romantic idea of *la belle Cléopâtre*. The real danger was her ambition. "The Ptolemies had for three hundred years hungered for" the territory of the Seleucids, and Cleopatra wanted everything which had belonged to Alexander's empire. In fact, she was eager to extend that empire both eastward and westward and be mistress of the world. For this purpose she needed such a military genius as Caesar; "and Caesar, to reach the height of his ambition, needed Cleopatra," who was more

familiar with the ways of the Greek world than he was. They both realized that the logical seat of the empire which they envisaged was Byzantium, not Rome. The plebeians, the trading class, probably liked the idea of a capital in the East, which was "the place to make money." But the patricians had a different view of the matter. "They owned most of the real estate in the city, and were enjoying a boom . . . ; the protector of real estate was the Senate, which had become little more than a real estate chamber of commerce." Caesar's desire to make Byzantium the capital meant ruin for real estate. "Caesar had to be wiped out." But the concept of an eastern seat of empire lived on. "The logic of Byzantium finally prevailed, with Constantine, but too late."

COLLEGE ENGLISH 11 (1950).—(January: 218-220) George W. Feinstein, "Latin and Greek in the Freshman Vocabulary." A list of Latin and Greek words, roots, and prefixes which Mr. Feinstein has found useful in spurring on his freshman English classes to acquire a larger vocabulary.

DURHAM UNIVERSITY JOURNAL 42 (1949).—(December: 8-19) Eric Birley, "The Equestrian Officers of the Roman Army." "The main features of the normal equestrian career" may be summed up in the following way: "(a) Most officers were in their thirties when first appointed, and had shown administrative and legal ability in municipal life long before being commissioned; but a small proportion of younger men, sons of centurions, and of older men (sometimes ex-centurions themselves) was to be found also. (b) Individual appointments lasted three or four years on an average, and a man who showed special aptitude could, if he wished, obtain half a dozen successive posts, and spend the rest of his active life in the service. (c) Promotion from one grade to another was influenced by the confidential reports submitted to *ab epistulis* in Rome, who would be guided by them in picking officers for further employment in the upper grades of the administrative service, and in general those men who distinguished themselves most in military appointments had the best chances of winning distinction and promotion in that service. (d) But the men who obtained such promotion must always have been a very small proportion of the total field—as in the case of the centurionate, in which relatively few men could hope to reach, and fewer still to pass, the *primipilate*. (e) Equestrian officers were technically civilians, except when holding specific establishment posts, so that

an inefficient one need never constitute a permanent liability to the service; he could always be superseded and returned, without compensation, to civilian life. That is the most remarkable feature of the equestrian military system; . . ." (20-26) G. B. Kerferd, "Plato's Account of the Relativism of Protagoras."

FATE 3 (1950).—(January: 80-85) Jack Sheridan, "Druidism in Chicago." The Druidism which we tell our Caesar students about is apparently not dead. "June 21, 1703 was the last time that Stonehenge was used by the Druids for their initiation ceremony." But Druid funeral rites were used in Chicago in January, 1949. Up until that date the last occurrence had been in 1824, "when the citizens of Missoloughi [sic] gathered to pay homage to Lord Byron, . . . the greatest Druid of the 19th century."

FOLK-LORE 60 (1949).—(September: 340-348) Margaret Hasluck, "Collectanea: Oedipus Rex in Albania." In Part I Mrs. Hasluck gives the original and an English translation of a familiar Albanian quatrain referring to the story of Oedipus. "The quatrain . . . is a well-known riddle in Albania, but it is even commoner as a lullaby." Part II contains Mrs. Hasluck's translation of the version of the story given in S. E. Mann's *Albanian Grammar*, and Part III her commentary. Part IV is a discussion of a few "interesting points of folklore about cradles, 'Fate,' and fairies in Albania." The distinction drawn between "the anger-making fairies" and the Fates in two expressions from Elbasan is of interest: ". . . *Qe ke me ore!* ('You're with a fairy') is said to some one talking angrily and *Qe ke me te Mirat!* ('You're with the Good Ladies') to some one who preserves his calm and even temper in a crisis. *Te Mirat* is nothing more than an Albanian transliteration of the Greek word *Moirai* ('Fates') confused on account of its similarity of sound with the feminine plural of the Albanian adjective for 'good' and then decked with the Albanian attributive prefix *te* and the suffixed definite article *t* to give it an indigenous look. The Greek word doubtless penetrated into Albanian speech during the last thirty years of Turkish rule over Albania when Greek and other foreign schools were permitted, and Albanian schools forbidden, by the Turkish authorities."

FORTNIGHTLY, no. 997, New Series (1950).—(January: 56-57) W. Thomson Hill, "The Classics in Translation." Brief notices in the form of an article of three recent Loeb volumes (Prudentius,

I; Cicero, *De Inventione*, etc.; Demosthenes, vii), Powell's Herodotus, and D. W. Lucas' translation into English prose of the *Ion* and the *Medea* of Euripides.

HARVARD THEOLOGICAL REVIEW 42 (1949).—(April: 109-124) Elias J. Bickerman, "The Name of Christians." A discussion of the form and meaning of the Greek *Christianoi*.

ISIS 40 (1949).—(November: 356-403) "Seventy-fourth Critical Bibliography of the History and Philosophy of Science and of the History of Civilization (to March 1949)." See especially the earlier items in Part I, an arrangement according to the centuries with which the works listed are concerned, and section I (Antiquity) of Part II, Historical and Ethnographical Classification.

JOURNAL OF BIBLICAL LITERATURE 68 (1949).—(December: 359-370) Georg Malfeld and Bruce M. Metzger, "Detailed List of the Greek Papyri of the New Testament."

JOURNAL OF NEAR EASTERN STUDIES 9 (1950).—(January: 28-36) Eva Matthews Sanford, "Roman Avarice in Asia." The charge of avarice was "a significant factor in the antagonism toward Rome among the turbulent masses in the Greek cities of Asia and played a notable part in the tragic catastrophe of the Mithridatic Wars." Before the Battle of Thermopylae in 191 B.C. the general Manius Acilius Glabrio may have told his men that they were fighting "for the loot in the king's camp, and the matériel daily expected from Ephesus, and thereafter to open up Asia, Syria, and all the rich kingdoms of the East, to Roman conquest," as Livy says. The consul Gnaeus Manlius Vulso "on his return to Italy in 187 . . . was severely criticized for the slack discipline which had made his troops more notable for wealth than for bravery." The account in Phlegon's *Mirabilia* of Acilius' going mad at Thermopylae "is now generally considered to be a contemporary record of the antagonism to Rome at the time of the Syrian War, . . ."

Philosophers were also considering "the implications of Roman policy"; Carneades, for example, said that "if the Romans really wished to be just . . . and to restore the riches they had seized, they would have to return to their ancestral huts and live in need and misery." The case of Manius Aquilius, who "accepted lavish bribes, especially from Nicomedes of Bithynia and from Mithridates V of Pontus and finally awarded the prize of Greater Phrygia to the latter" but was acquitted by the senatorial jury when he was

prosecuted in 126 for extortion and bribe-taking, furnished the inhabitants of Asia Minor with "a striking example of Roman greed."

"Another Manius Aquilius, in all probability the son of the earlier consul," was chosen "to head the commission sent in 90 B.C. to restore Nicomedes and Ariobarzanes to the kingdoms from which Mithridates had ousted them." The choice was a bad one, for this Aquilius had also been prosecuted for extortion (on his return from Sicily in 98) and acquitted. During the trouble in Asia in 88 he fled to Mytilene, where he was "betrayed by those with whom he sought shelter, and . . . delivered up to Mithridates' men." But Publius Rutilius Rufus, who "had won the enthusiastic loyalty of the provincials"—he was a man renowned for his integrity and for his knowledge of Roman law; he had gone out to Asia as legate of Quintus Mucius Scaevola in 94 and remained as acting governor after Scaevola's return to Rome—, "was protected by loyal friends in the same city. Hostility to Rome was not entirely indiscriminate. Many tales were told of the humiliation inflicted on Aquilius before he was finally put to death. Curiously enough, he appears in later Roman and in Christian literature as an example of fortitude in enduring undeserved torture."

The theme of Roman rapacity flourished in the prophetic literature: the Sibylline Oracles, for example. There is exaggeration, of course, for "cases in which the charge of avarice was well founded made a more lasting impression than those in which it was not."

LANGUAGE 25 (1949).—(July–September: 241–252) Ernst Pulgram, "Prehistory and the Italian Dialects." The substratum theory is much more valid than many scholars have been prone to admit, but the linguistic phenomena must be backed up by non-linguistic evidence. For Italy we have "a comparatively rich store of prehistoric and pre-Roman anthropological, archeological, ethnological, and linguistic material"; and, in fact, not only will a map of the ethnical subdivisions of ancient Italy and one showing the dialects of c. 400 B.C. reveal a "neat agreement of dialectal and cultural areas" (Whattmough's phrase), but a map giving the main dialects of modern Italy will coincide to an amazing degree with the other two. As to the specific substrata, we cannot categorically deny a Celtic one; "we ought to defer final judgment on the Etruscan substratum until we know the Etruscan language"; Umbrian has exerted hardly any influence, mainly because its speakers

were "restricted to a very narrow area"; the theory of an Oscan substratum seems extremely plausible; and, in the case of southern Italian dialects, though "Rohlf's finds only syntactical and lexical borrowings from Greek," Pisani thinks he can "discern also phonemic influences." (October–December: 333–342) George S. Lane, "On the Present State of Indo-European Linguistics." Of particular interest to classicists is Lane's complaint that linguists in recent years have paid too little attention to comparative Indo-European grammar. Syntax, in particular, has been neglected, perhaps because few scholars have had the necessary command of such languages as Latin, Greek, and Sanskrit. The translation material in the older Germanic languages (e.g., the Gothic Bible of Ulfilas) needs to be restudied "from the point of view of the Greek or Latin original," and the same approach might be applied to Slavic. "The situation here is quite parallel to that in Old High German and Gothic: the older literature is predominantly one of translation. Anyone who has read the Church Slavic gospels can feel the Greek syntax as clearly as one does in Ulfilas. In fact, one need not go as far back as that. A glance at a good participial construction in the Russian of Tolstoy should be enough to persuade anyone who doubts the preservation of earlier Greek influence down to modern times in the literary language." (379–387) George Melville Bolling, "OPHRA in the Homeric Poems." (392–394) Henry M. Hoenigswald, "Antevocalic u-Diphthongs in Latin."

BASSETT

MODERN LANGUAGE NOTES 64 (1949).—(December: 515–516) W. S. Nyland, "Pompey as the Mythical Lover of Cleopatra." Shakespeare's two references in *Antony and Cleopatra* to the "great Pompey" as the lover of Cleopatra seem to originate in a misreading of his source, Thomas North's translation of Plutarch, where it is Pompey the Great's son Gneius who is named among Cleopatra's lovers. It is historically implausible that Pompey the Great himself had any relations with Cleopatra. (VOLUME 65, 1950).—(January: 52–55) Fraser Neiman, "Plotinus and Arnold's 'Quiet Work.'" Matthew Arnold's probable indebtedness, particularly in his sonnet "Quiet Work" but also elsewhere, to passages in Plotinus' *Enneads*.

MODERN LANGUAGE QUARTERLY 10 (1949).—(September: 307–320) Oskar Seidlin, "Goethe's 'Iphigenia' and the Humane Ideal." In Goethe's *Iphigenia in Tauris* "there are, muffled by a decep-

tive serenity, the cries from the Inferno, the sighs from the Purgatorio, but there is, at the same time, the conviction that the gates to the Paradiso cannot be forever closed. . . there is hope, perhaps very little hope. But the little there is, is for us."

MUSIC & LETTERS 30 (1949).—(October: 337-344) Herbert Antcliffe, "What Music Meant to the Romans." The idea that the Romans were entirely unmusical is ill-founded. "Music for the Romans began as an elementary expression of feelings that could not be uttered in words, and it grew into a highly developed art capable of suggesting thought as well as emotion of the highest kinds, so that before the fall of the Empire it had already provided the foundation upon which the music, secular and sacred, of Europe was to be built. . ."

NUOVA ANTOLOGIA 84 (1949).—(November: 273-280) Vladimiro Arangio-Ruiz, "Gioco e Serietà in Platone."

PHILOLOGICAL QUARTERLY 28 (1949).—(April: 237-260) G. L. Hendrickson, "Elizabethan Quantitative Hexameters." A critical study of this unsuccessful Renaissance "undertaking to reform the medium of poetical expression on the model of antiquity," with special attention to the quantitative verses of Sir Philip Sidney (in his *Arcadia*) and Gabriel Harvey and brief consideration of the *First Four Bookes of Virgil his Aeneis* by Richard Stanyhurst. (July: 333-359) J. M. Campbell, "Homer and Chastity." A study of the Homeric poems reveals that, although "regarding chastity, as regarding much else, Homer is not of a piece," yet "chastity, in the sense of abstinence from extra-marital indulgence, is honored in the *Iliad* as well as in the *Odyssey*, on the part of man as well as on the part of woman, without as well as within the framework of the folk-tale."

PMLA (PUBLICATIONS OF THE MODERN LANGUAGE ASSOCIATION OF AMERICA) 64 (1949).—(September: 771-780) Benjamin Boyce, "The Stoic *Consolatio* and Shakespeare." Shakespeare seems to have employed "the Stoic and traditional *consolatio*," in *Hamlet*, *Othello*, *Much Ado About Nothing*, and *Macbeth*, "not to bring his characters to a reconciliation with loss but, rather, to intensify the impression of the strenuous pain of living." (889-929) Homer Nearing, Jr., "The Legend of Julius Caesar's British Conquest." There are five divisions of this full study: The Legend Before Geoffrey of Monmouth (in Caesar, Valerius Maximus, Tacitus, Polyaeus, Athenaeus, and others); Geoffrey of Monmouth's

Caesar Legend; The Legend from Geoffrey to the End of the Thirteenth Century; Fourteenth Century Developments and the Legend of Caesar and the Scots; Fifteenth and Sixteenth Century Developments.

QUARTERLY JOURNAL OF SPEECH 35 (1949).—(October: 280-283) Donald L. Clark, "Some Values of Roman *Declamatio*." A brief account of the *controversia* "as a school exercise in the judicial rhetoric of the law courts" and a defense of its educational value and worthiness.

QUEEN'S QUARTERLY 56 (1949-50).—(Winter: 560-569) W. Leonard Grant, "Homer's Daily Bread." The changed climate in Homeric criticism has renewed belief in a personal, but not quite the traditional, Homer. "The traditional picture of the blind, impoverished bard begging his daily bread through the market-squares of those ungrateful cities which later eagerly claimed him as their own is as much legend as is the theory of multiple authorship; far more understandable is the picture on which most scholars now agree, that of a vigorous cultivated Ionian musician and poet, the familiar of princes, . . . dramatically performing his own compositions before the nobles of some court or before the people assembled at some impressive religious festival."

REVIEW OF POLITICS II (1949).—(October: 477-498) Eric Voegelin, "The Philosophy of Existence: Plato's *Gorgias*." A philosophical analysis of the content of the *Gorgias*, considered as a "declaration of war against the corrupt society. . . The battle is engaged as a struggle for the soul of the younger generation. Who will form the future leaders of the polity: the rhetor who teaches the tricks of political success, or the mystic-philosopher who creates the substance in soul and society?"

SCHOOL AND SOCIETY 69 (1949).—(May 7: 334-335) Warren E. Blake, "Why 'Go On' in Latin?" Two values—"an enlightened perspective and an accompanying sense of intellectual mastery—constitute the 'effective' reason for 'going on' in Latin and are among the greatest satisfactions known to man."

SCHOOL REVIEW 57 (1949).—(October: 399-400) "Which Language First?" A brief report of a published research study by Gilbert C. Kettlekamp (*University of Illinois Bulletin* XLVI, No. 58) which draws the conclusion "that the study of Latin is not of particular value as preparation for work in a second foreign language."

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN 181 (1949).—(November: 48-49) "Democritus on the Atom." Translated excerpts from Simplicius, Alexander of Aphrodisias, Plutarch, Galen, Theophrastus, Aetius, Censorinus, Hippolytus, and Aristotle to document Democritus' theory of atoms and void.

STUDIES IN PHILOLOGY 46 (1949).—(July: 387-399) Elizabeth H. Haight, "Giosuè Carducci, the Italian Horace." A study of "the deep spiritual affinity back of the outward resemblances" between Carducci and Horace. (400-410) Johnstone Parr, "Sources of the Astrological Prefaces in Robert Greene's *Planetomachia*." Greene's close and extensive copying, without acknowledgment, of Lucian's *De Astrologia* and his acknowledged borrowing from Manilius. (October: 497-513) Yakov Malkiel, "Romance Descendants of Latin *Nocturnus*, *Nocturnalis*." The Spanish adjectives *nocherniego* and *nocharniego* (now archaic) are notable examples of this descent.

UNIVERSITIES QUARTERLY 4 (1949).—(November: 50-58) John Morrison, "Socrates and the Professors." A study of the opening paragraphs of Plato's *Protagoras* as pertinent to a discussion of the aims of university education today. Two important aspects of Socrates' attitude to higher education are here revealed: first, "he distinguishes sharply between technical training and education," and, secondly, "he believes that education is concerned with the 'nourishment of the soul.'"

SPAETH

HERBERT C. LIPSCOMB HONORED

ON FEBRUARY 11, 1950, a distinguished company of alumnae, Latin majors, faculty, and friends met on the campus of Randolph-Macon Woman's College to do honor to Professor Herbert C. Lipscomb, who had begun his teaching career in 1909 on that same campus. The principal feature of the exercises was the presentation of a portrait of Dr. Lipscomb to the college, painted by the well-known artist, John Carroll.

The April issue of the *ALUMNAE BULLETIN* of Randolph-Macon Woman's College is largely devoted to a description of the cere-

monies, the organization, the sponsors, donors, and the addresses of those who participated in the presentation.

As we read the *ALUMNAE BULLETIN* in the light of our own knowledge of Dr. Lipscomb, we were reminded of Herbert Marshall McLuhan's provocative article in *THE CLASSICAL JOURNAL*, "An Ancient Quarrel in Modern America" (January 1946: 41. 156-162). Professor McLuhan refers to the manner in which Ciceronian humanism became the basis for higher education in the South in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, especially Virginia, whereas "particularly strong was the scholastic current in New England . . . where the influence of dialectics through Calvinistic theology made of Harvard a little Sorbonne." Professor McLuhan adds: "Humanistic, legalistic, forensic, southern education has followed Ciceronian lines to this day It is no accident that nearly all American political thought is southern On the other hand, the North has followed scholastic lines, showing more concern for abstract method and technology than for the *res publica*."

It has occurred to us that Professor McLuhan's article helps us to understand what they have been talking about at Randolph-Macon Women's College.

As representative of the feelings of those who participated in the honoring of Dr. Lipscomb, we are printing here the "Speech of Acceptance" by President Theodore H. Jack of Randolph-Macon Woman's College. For permission to do so, we are indebted to President Jack and to Miss Roberta D. Cornelius, editor of the *ALUMNAE BULLETIN*.—Ed.

"It is difficult for me to speak with proper restraint about Herbert Lipscomb and his contribution and services to Randolph-Macon. Were I to say many of the things which are in my heart to say, it would, I know, greatly embarrass the modest man whom we honor tonight. In that long list of names of makers and moulders of the very spirit of the College, names which we cherish beyond pearls of great price, the name of Lipscomb stands in the very forefront. Few if any men or women

have ever served Randolph-Macon longer, more devotedly, more effectively, more constructively than Herbert C. Lipscomb. For forty years—an amazing period of time—he has devoted the energy, the strength, the genius of a great soul, a great lover, a great heart, a great spirit, scholarship of the highest quality, outstanding ability as a teacher to the promotion and the development of that intangible quality of fine living and high thinking which notably characterizes our beloved College. It costs a great deal to live a life like this. It costs devotion, it costs self-sacrifice; it entails in some measure the casting aside of personal ambition, the denial of any selfish purpose; it connotes arduous days. But in the end the rewards for such a life are literally incalculable. It brings calm evenings in the present and a confident tomorrow.

"Lipscomb's glorious appreciation of high scholarship, his magnificent contributions as a teacher and an inspirer, his notable labors in the aesthetic development of our College community through the promotion of the fine arts have been a glory to the College. He has put

this College under a debt of obligation which nothing we can do or say can repay. He has made the grandeur which is Rome live again for us; he has made Lucretius a personal friend and companion to many of us. Personally, I prize his friendship beyond measure. I have leaned heavily on his wisdom and his wise counsel; I have been proud to walk these years by his side here in this beautiful place. I can do nothing better than to say of him what Horace said [of himself]:

*Exegi monumentum aere perennius
Regalique situ pyramidum altius.*

Indeed he has created a monument more lasting than bronze.

"It is with pride and with the deepest appreciation that I accept on the part of the College this portrait of Herbert Lipscomb, painted by John Carroll, one of the greatest artists of our day. We shall treasure it always, and it will stand as an example of fine living and of constructive and outstanding service long after all of us here have been gathered to our fathers."

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